THE

FALSE FRIEND

AND

Inconſtant Miſtreſs:

An INSTRUCTIVE

NOVEL.

To which is added,

Love's Diverſion;

DISPLAYING

The Artifices of the Female Sex in their Amours, Dreſs, *&c.* With Directions for the Education of Both Sexes; and a Collection of Moral Letters on curious Subjects.

By JOHN LYLY, M. A. One of the Refiners of the *Engliſh* Tongue in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*.

London: Printed for *John Hooke*, at the *Flower-de-luce*, overagainſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1718. Price 2 *s.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LORD *De la Warre.*

THIS *History* cannot, without Injuſtice, be offer'd to any but your Lordſhip; for it ſeems to lay Claim to your Protection, as a worthy Deſcendant of its Noble Patron, Sir *William Weſt*, Knight, Lord *De la Warre*: Under whoſe Favour and Countenance it gain'd the *Approbation* of as Illuſtrious a Court, and Glorious a Reign, as this Nation ever yet ſaw.

THE *Author*, my Lord, bore the Character of the beſt *Comedian* of his time: He wrote ſix *Comedies* in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*; which were often acted at Court by the Children of Her Majeſty's Chapel, and thoſe of St. *Paul*'s.

THOSE Plays were publiſh'd, after his Death, by one Mr. *Edmond Blount*, in the Year 1632. who calls them, "Six Ingots of "refined Invention, richer than "Gold;" and has this Paſſage in favour of the *Author* at the Beginning of his Dedication to the Right Honourable *Richard Lumley*, Viſcount *Lumley* of *Waterford*.

"MY Lord; It can be no Diſ-"honour to liſten to this Poet's "Muſick,

" Muſick, whoſe Tunes alighted
" in the Ears of a great and ever
" famous *Queen*: His Invention
" was ſo curiouſly ſtrung, that
" *Eliza*'s Court held his Notes
" in Admiration.

AND in his *Preface to the Reader*, he thus expreſſes himſelf in favour of this very *Novel*, that preſents its ſelf to your Lordſhip:

" OUR Nation is in debt for a
" new *Engliſh*. *Euphues* and his
" *England* began firſt that Lan-
" guage: All our Ladies were
" then his Scholars; and that
" Beauty in Court, who could
" not parley *Euphuiſm*, was as
" little regarded, as ſhe who
" now ſpeaks not *French* there.

I HAVE inſerted theſe Paſſages *verbatim*, to ſhew your *Lordſhip* how highly this *Author*'s Works were eſteem'd in thoſe Days; not in the leaſt queſtioning, but that your Lordſhip, as an Inheritor of the Virtues, as well as the Name of your noble *Anceſtor*, will with the ſame Generoſity and Candor, accept this Favourite *Book* of his into your *Protection*. And I doubt not but your *Lordſhip*'s Character will give it as great a Reputation in this Age, as ever it enjoy'd under the Countenance of its firſt Honourable Patron. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

TO THE READER.

THE Author *of this delightful* Novel *wrote in the Reign of* Queen Elizabeth, *of ever bleſſed Memory, and was then accounted the moſt Witty and Facetious* Poet *of his time: He was a great Refiner of the* Engliſh Tongue *in thoſe Days, as appears by the Character given him in the Second Part of this* Book, *and will be much more evinc'd by this* New Tranſlation *of it.*

The Subjects *on which it treats, are the* Follies of young *People, that are giddy and headſtrong; who, being generally wedded to their own Opinion, deſpiſe the* Advice *of the Grave and Experienc'd; 'till they have bit of the Bridle, and then too, too late bewail their own Obſtinacy. It likewiſe ſeverely laſhes the baſe Slights, and cunning Artifices of a falſe Inconſtant* Miſtreſs: *And at laſt concludes with ſome Satyrical Reflections*

Reflections on the Fair Sex; *with a ſhort* Apology *to the Virtuous and Modeſt.*

His Ephœbus *contains the beſt* Inſtructions *how to train up* Youth *to Virtue and Learning: In treating on which, he ſets forth the common Folly of* Parents *in the irregular Education of their* Children.

His Letters *moſt ingeniouſly reflect on the Vices of* Courts *in general, as well as the Vanity of thoſe* Students *at the* Univerſities, *who ſpend their Time in Idleneſs, Lewdneſs, and Debauchery. In theſe entertaining* Letters, *alſo, you have an Account of the miſerable Death of* Lucilla, *very remarkable and well-worth your* Reading.

As to ſome railing Expreſſions in Love's Diverſion *againſt the* Fair Sex; *I muſt needs tell the virtuous* Engliſh Ladies, *they have no reaſon to be offended, ſince the* Scene *of the Story is in* Naples; *and therefore can have no relation to* them, *but only the* Guilty.

Beſides, our good Ladies *know,* Loſers have leave to ſpeak; *for who minds a* Bankrupt Gameſter? *He may curſe the Dice, and his own ill Luck; damn the Game, and the Company into the Bargain;*

and

and only be laught at for his Pains, as not worth taking notice of.

And thus it is with Euphues; *who, having loſt his* Miſtreſs, *like the* Fox *that ſaid the* Grapes were ſowr, *rails at all* Women: *And, in my Opinion, theſe little wild Sallies of a diſappointed* Lover, *like the Peeviſhneſs of the loſing* Gameſter, *ſhould rather raiſe the Smiles of* Ladies, *than their Frowns; as more worthy of Deriſion, than Reſentment.*

For it plainly appears by his ſo highly extolling the Virtues of their Sex, and diſpraiſing his own at Ferardo's *Houſe, whilſt there was any hopes of pleaſing* Lucilla, *or winning her Affections; that what he afterwards utters againſt* Women *in general, proceeds from his Paſſion or Prejudice, not his real Opinion; rather from his* Madneſs *and Partiality, having loſt* Lucilla, *than from any ſolid or well-grounded* Antipathy *againſt the whole* Sex.

But if this is not a ſufficient Satisfaction *yet to our offended* Country-Women, *I am certain my* Author *makes them a full Recompence in the* Second Part; *for though he has thus exclaim'd againſt the ſoft* Sex *in* Italy, *he ſtill applauds their Virtues in* England;

England: *And as he has expos'd the Baſeneſs and Inconſtancy of an* Italian Lady *in this* Book, *he has fairly deſcrib'd the ſincere Love of a faithful* Engliſh Gentlewoman *in the* other.

And therefore, if you deſire, Ladies, *to have your own Worth truly blazon'd, and your Praiſes brightly ſet forth, the Encouragement of the* Firſt Part *will call forth the* Second; *by which you may be even with our* Sex, *to all Intents and Purpoſes: For if they charge you with the Inconſtancy of* Lucilla, *you may anſwer them with the Fidelity and unſhaken Loyalty of* Iffida; *and let them know, that though the* Italians *are branded with Lewdneſs, the* Engliſh *are celebrated for their unſpotted Chaſtity.*

But, in fine, let Romance *ſay what it will, the* Youth *of both* Sexes *will do beſt ſtill to rival one another in* VIRTUE; *and to purſue thoſe noble Improvements of the Mind, which are the whole Scope of this Ingenious* Book.

YOURS, &c.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

my verie good Lord and Maiſter

Sir *William Weſt* Knt.

LORD *de la Warre*:

Iohn Lyly wiſheth long Life, with increaſe of Honor.

PArrhaſius, drawing the Counterfaite of *Helen* (Right Honourable) made the Attire of her Head looſe, who, being demaunded why he did ſo, aunſwered, ſhe was looſe. *Vulcan* was painted curiouſlie, yet with a polt foote; *Læda* cunninglie, yet with her blacke haire. *Alexander*, having a skarre in his cheeke, held his finger vppon it, that *Appelles* might not paint it: *Apelles* painted him with his finger cleauing to his face. Why, quoth *Alexander*, I laide my finger on my face, becauſe I would not have thee ſee it: Yea (ſaid *Apelles*) and I drew it there, becauſe none elſe ſhould perceive it; for if thy finger

had bene awaie, either the skarre would have been ſeene, or my arte miſliked: whereby I gather, that, in all perfect workes, as well the fault as the face is to be ſhewen. The faireſt Leopard is made with his ſpottes, the fineſt cloth with his liſt, the ſmootheſt ſhooe with his laſt. Seeing then, that in euerie counterfaite, as well the blemiſh as the beautie is coloured; I hope I ſhall not incurre the diſpleaſure of the wiſe, in that, in the diſcourſe of *Euphues*, I haue as well touched the Vanities of his love, as the vertues of his Life. The *Perſians*, who aboue all other kings moſt honoured *Cyrus*, cauſed him to bee engrauen as well with his hooked noſe, as his hight forehead. He that loued *Homere* beſt, concealed not his flattering; and hee that praiſed *Alexander* moſt, bewraied his quaffing. *Dimonides* muſt haue a crooked ſhooe for his wrie foot, *Damocles* a ſmooth gloue for his ſtraight hand.

For as euerie Painter that ſhadoweth a man in all partes, giueth euerie peece his iuſt proportion; ſo he, that decypereth the qualities of the minde, ought as well to ſhew euerie humour in his kinde, as the other doth euerie part in his coulour. The Surgion, that maketh the Anatomie, ſheweth as well the muſcles in the heele, as the veines of the heart. If then, the firſt ſight of *Euphues* ſhall ſeeme too light to bee read of the wiſe, or too fooliſh to be regarded of the learned, they ought

not

not to impute it to the Iniquitie of the Author, but to the neceſsitie of the Hiſtorie. *Euphues* beginneth with loue, as allured by wit; but endeth not with luſt, as bereft of wiſdome. He wooeth women, prouoked by youth, but weddeth not himſelfe to wantonneſſe, as pricked by pleaſure. I haue ſet downe the follies of his wit without breach of modeſtie, and the ſparkes of his wiſdome without ſuſpition of diſhoneſtie. And certes I thinke there be mo ſpeeches which for grauitie will miſlike the fooliſh, than vnſeemelie tearmes, which for vanitie may offende the wiſe. Which diſcourſe (right Honourable) I hope you will the rather pardon for the rudeneſſe, in that it is the firſt, and protect it the more willingly if it offend, in that it may be the laſt. It may be that fine wits will deſcant vpon him, that, hauing no wit, goeth about to make the Anatomie of wit: and certainlie their ieſting in my mind is tollerable. For if the Butcher ſhould take vpon him to cut the Anatomie of a man, becauſe he hath skill in opening an Oxe, he would prooue himſelfe a Calfe: or if the Horſe leach would aduenture to miniſter a potion to a ſicke patient, in that he hath knowledge to giue a drench to a diſeaſed horſe, he would make himſelfe an Aſſe. The ſhoomaker muſt not goe aboue his latchet, nor the hedger meddle with anie thing but his bill. It is vnſeemlie for the Painter to feather a ſhaft, or the Fletcher to handle the pencil.

All which things make moſt againſt me, in that a foole hath intruded himſelfe to diſcourſe of wit: but as I was willing to commit the fault, ſo am I content to make amendes. Howſoeuer the caſe ſtandeth, I looke for no praiſe for my labor, but pardon for my good will: it is the greateſt reward that I dare aske, and the leaſt that they can offer; I deſire no more, I deſerue no leſſe. Though the ſtile nothing delight the daintie eare of the curious ſifter, yet will the matter recreate the minde of the curteous Reader: the varietie of the one will abate the harſhneſſe of the other. Things of greateſt profit are ſet forth with leaſt price; where the wine is neat, there needeth no Iue-buſh; the right Corall needeth no colouring; where the matter it ſelfe bringeth credit, the man with his gloſe winneth ſmall commendation. It is therefore, mee thinketh, a greater ſhew of a pregnaunt wit, than perfect wiſedome, in a thing of ſufficient excellencie, to vſe ſuperfluous eloquence. We commonlie ſee that a blacke ground doth beſt be ſeem a white counterfait; and *Venus*, according to the iudgement of *Mars*, was then moſt amiable when ſhe ſate cloſe by *Vulcan*. If theſe things be true, which experience trieth, that a naked tale doth moſt trulie ſet forth the naked truth; that where the countenance is faire, there neede no coulours; that painting is meeter for ragged walls than fine Marble; that veritie then ſhineth moſt

bright,

bright, when ſhe is in leaſt brauerie: I ſhall ſatisfie mine own minde, though I cannot feede their humours, which greatlie ſeeke after thoſe that ſift the fineſt meale, and beare the whiteſt mouthes. It is a world to ſee howe Engliſhmen deſire to heare finer ſpeech than their language will allowe, to eate finer bread than is made of wheate, to weare finer cloth than is wrought of woll: but I let paſſe the fineneſſe, which can no waie excuſe my follie. If your Lordſhippe ſhall accept my good will, which I haue alwaies deſired, I will patientlie beare the ill will of the malitious, which I neuer deſerued.

Thus, committing this ſimple Pamphlet to your Lordſhippes patronage, and your Honor to the Almighties protection; for the preſeruation of the which, as moſt bounden, I will praie continuallie: I ende,

Your Lordſhips ſeruant to commaund,

IOHN LYLY.

To my very good Friends, the Gentlemen Schollers of *Oxford*.

THere is no priviledge that needeth a pardon; neither is there anie remission to bee asked, where a Commission is graunted. I speake this, Gentlemen, not to excuse the offence which is taken, but to offer a defence where I was mistaken. A clære conscience is a sure carde; truth hath the prerogative to speake with plainenesse, and the modestie to bear with patience. It was reported of some, and beleæved of many, that in the Education of Ephœbus, where mention is made of Universities, that Oxford was too much either defaced or defamed. I knowe not what the enuious haue picked out by malice, or the curious by wit, or the guiltie by their owne galled consciences; but this I saie, that I was as far from thinking ill, as I find them from judging well. But if I should now goe about to make amends, I were then faultie in somewhat amisse, and should shew my self like Appelles Prentice, who, coueting to mend the nose, marred the chæke: and not unlike the foolish Diar, who never thought his cloth blacke untill it was burned. If anie fault be committed, impute it to Euphues who knew you not, not to Lyly who hates you not.

Yet

Yet may I of all the reſt moſt condemne Oxford of unkindneſſe, of vice I cannot, who ſæmed to weane mæ before ſhe brought me forth, and to giue me bones to gnaw, before I could get the teate to ſucke. Wherein ſhe plaied the nice mother, in ſending me into the countrie to nurſe, where I tired at a drie breaſt thræ yeares, and was at the laſt inforced to weane my ſelfe. But it was deſtinie, for if I had not bene gathered from the træ in the bud, I ſhould, being blowen, haue proued a blaſt; and as good it is to be an addle egge, as an idle bird.

Euphues, at his arriuall, I am aſſured, will viewe Oxford; where he will either recant his ſayings, or renue his complaints; he is now on the ſeas, and how he hath bene toſſed I know not; but whereas I thought to receiue him at Douer, I muſt mæte him at Hampton.

Nothing can hinder his comming but death, neither anie thing haſten his departure but unkindneſſe.

Concerning my ſelfe, I haue alwaies thought ſo reuerentlie of Oxford, of the Schollers, of the manners, that I ſæmed to be rather an Idolater than a Blaſphemer.

They that inuented this toie were vnwiſe, and they that reported it vnkinde, and yet none of them can proue mæ vnhoneſt.

But ſuppoſe I glaunſed at ſome abuſes: did not Iupiter's egge bring forth as well Helen a light huſwife in earth, as Caſtor a light ſtarre in heauen? The Eſtritch, that taketh the greateſt pride in her feathers, picketh ſome of the worſt out

and

and burneth them: there is no træ but hath some blast, no countenaunce but hath some blemish, and shall Oxford then be blamelesse? I wish it were so, but I cannot thinke it is so. But as it is, it may be better; and were it badder, it is not the worst.

I thinke there are few Vniuersities that haue lesse faults than Oxford, many that haue more, none but haue some.

But I commit my cause to the consciences of those that either know what I am, or can gesse what I should bæ; the one will answere themselues in construing friendlie, the other, if I knew them, I would satisfie reasonably.

Thus, loth to incur the suspition of vnkindnesse in not telling my minde, and not willing to make anie excuse where there næd no amends, I can neither craue pardon, least I should confesse a fault; nor conceale my meaning, least I should be thought a fole. And so I end, yours assured to vse,

JOHN LYLY.

17 JY 60

To

To the Gentlemen Readers.

I Was driuen into a quandarie, Gentlemen, whether I might lende this my Pamphlet to the Printer, or to the Pedler; I thought it too bad for the preſſe, and too good for the packe; but ſeeing my follie in writing to be as great as others, I was willing my fortune ſhould be as ill as anies. We commonlie ſee the booke that at Eaſter lieth bound on the Stationers ſtall, at Chriſtmaſſe to bee broken in the Haberdathers ſhoppe, which ſith it is the order of proceeding, I am content this Summer to haue my doinges read for a toie, that in Winter they maye be readie for trash. It is not ſtraunge when as the greateſt wonder laſteth but nine daies, that a new worke ſhould not endure but three moneths. Gentlemen vſe bookes as Gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning ſtick them in their heads, and at night ſtrawe them at their heeles. Cherries be fulſome when they be through ripe, becauſe they be plentie; and bookes be ſtale when they bee printed, in that they be common. In my minde, Printers and Tailers are chieflie bound to praie for Gentlemen; the one hath ſo many fantaſies to print, the other ſuch diuerſe faſhions to make, that the preſſing yron of the one is never out of the fire, nor the printing preſſe of the other at anie time lieth ſtill. But a faſhion is

but a daies wearing, and a booke but an houres reading: which seeing it is so, I am of the shoomakers minde, who careth not so the shoe holde the plucking on; nor I, so my labours last the running ouer. He that commeth in print, because he would be knowen, is like the foole that commeth into the Market because he would be seene. I am not he that seeketh praise for his labour, but pardon for his offence; neither doe I set forth this for anie deuotion in Print, but for dutie which I owe to my Patron. If one write never so well, he cannot please all, and write he never so ill, he shall please some. Fine heads will picke a quarrell with me, if all be not curious, and flatterers a thanke if anie thing be currant: but this is my minde, let him that findeth fault amend it, and him that liketh it vse it. Enuie braggeth, but draweth no bloud: the malitious haue more minde to quip, than might to cut. I submit my selfe to the iudgement of the wise, and little esteeme the censure of fooles: the one will be satisfied with reason, the other are to be answered with silence. I knowe Gentlemen will finde no fault without cause, and beare with those that deserue blame: as for others, I care not for their iests, for I neuer meant to make them my Iudges.

17 JY 0

Farewell.

EUPHUES.

THERE dwelt in *Athens* a Young Gentleman of ſo large a Revenue, and comely a Perſon, that it was doubted whether he were more indebted to Nature for the Lineaments of his Body, or to Fortune for the Increaſe of his Eſtate. But Nature, as it were diſdaining any Compariſons, or Copartner in her works, added to his comely Shape ſo ſharp a Capacity of Mind, that not only prov'd Fortune Counterfeit, but almoſt perſwaded her that *She* alone was Currant. This Young Gallant, of more Wit than Wealth, and yet more wealthy than wiſe, ſeeing himſelf inferior to none in pleaſant Conceits, thought he excelled all in ſound Judgment; ſo that, believing himſelf fit for all things, he bent his Mind almoſt entirely to *fine Phraſes*, *pleaſant Jokes*, *merry Taunts*, uſing Jeſts without Mean, and abuſing Mirth without Meaſure. As therefore the ſweeteſt Roſe has its Prickle, the fineſt Velvet its Brack; ſo the ſharpeſt Wit has its wanton Will, and the honeſteſt Head its wicked Way. Certain it is, that in the perfecteſt Shapes a Blemiſh rather procures a liking to the Eye, than a loathing to

the Mind. *Venus* had a Mole in her Cheek, which caſt a pleaſing Shade on her Features; *Helen* a Scar in her Chin, by *Paris* call'd *Love's Whetſtone*: So likewiſe in the Diſpoſition of the Mind, either Virtue is clouded with ſome Vice, or Vice overſhadow'd with ſome Virtue. *Alexander* was Valiant in War, yet given to Wine; *Tully* Eloquent in his Diſcourſes, yet Vain-glorious: None more witty than *Euphues*, yet at firſt none more Wicked.

The freſheſt Colours quickly fade, and *the keeneſt Razor ſoon turns its Edge*. This evidently appear'd in *Euphues*, whoſe Wit, like Wax, was apt to receive any Impreſſion; and having it in his own power either to uſe the Rein, or the Spur, caſting off his old Acquaintance, diſdaining all Counſel, and leaving his native Country, he thought either by his Wit to obtain Glory, or with Shame to endure Hardſhip. But preferring *Fancy* before *Friends*, and his *Humour* before *Honour*, he laid aſide *Reaſon*, as too ſalt for his Taſt, and purſu'd *unbridled Affections*, as moſt delightful to his Inclination.

When Parents take more care to leave their Children Wealthy, than Wiſe; and are more deſirous they ſhould maintain the Name, than the Nature of a Gentleman: When they give them Gold to corrupt them, rather than a Rod to reform their Manners; and, inſtead of Subjection, make them Libertines, by leaving them Inheritors of rich Poſſeſſions, and only poor Executors of Virtue: Then is it no wonder, that the Son, enricht by his Father's Will, becomes a Beggar by his own obſtinate Temper. But it is a Saying, of no leſs Truth than Antiquity, that *Wit is never good, till dear bought*; as in the Sequel of this Hiſtory will manifeſtly appear.

This

This young Gentleman, in his Travels, happen'd to arrive at *Naples*, a City of more Pleaſure than Profit, and yet of more Profit than Piety. The very Walls and Windows of the Place ſhew'd it to be rather the Tabernacle of *Venus*, than the Temple of *Veſta*. All Things neceſſary were ready there, either to allure the Mind to Luſt, or entice the Heart to Folly. Here our Youth reſolv'd to make his Abode; which ſhows, that the moſt witty Brain is ſooneſt inviegled with the ſudden View of deluding Vanities. Here he wanted no Companions to divert him with pleaſing Entertainments, either out of Curioſity to partake of his Riches, or out of Flattery to gain his Favour; for he had Paraſites and Hangers-on of all ſorts.

His Lodging was frequented, as well by the Spider to ſuck Poiſon, as by the Bee to gather Honey from his Excellent Wit; as well by *Damocles* to betray him, as by *Damon* to be true to him. And yet he behav'd himſelf warily, and fingled out his Game wiſely; eaſily diſcerning *Venus*'s Beauty from *Juno*'s Bravery, and the Faith of *Lælius* from the Flattery of *Ariſtippus*. He wellcom'd All, yet truſted None: He was merry, yet ſo cautious, that neither the Flatterer could enſnare him, nor the moſt Prudent gain any Aſſurance of his Friendſhip. Being once ask'd what Countryman he was? He anſwer'd, what Countryman am I not? If I am in *Crete*, I can Lie; in *Greece*, Shift; in *Italy*, Court. And if you demand whoſe Son I am? I ask you whoſe Son I am not? I can Carouſe with *Alexander*, Abſtain with *Romulus*; Eat with the *Epicure*, or Faſt with the *Stoick*.

An old Gentleman in *Naples*, obſerving his ſharp Genius ſomewhat taunting, yet pleaſant; his Mirth immoderate, yet not void of Wit; and his Sayings vaunting, yet pithy; began to bewail his Education, and admire his Nature, offended at the one as very pernicious, and delighted with the other as moſt valuable; for well he knew, that ſo rare a Genius would, in proceſs of time, either breed an intolerable Trouble, or bring an incomparable Treaſure to the *Commonwealth*.

Having therefore met with an Opportunity to communicate his Mind to him, with Tears in his Eyes, as lamenting his Wantonneſs, and with a ſmiling Countenance, as pleas'd with his Wit, he addreſs'd him in this Manner:

Young Gentleman, Though my ſhort Acquaintance is not of Force to intreat, or my Authority of Power to command, yet my good Will in counſelling ſhould induce you to believe me; my hoary Hairs (as Embaſſadors of Experience) engage you to follow me; and my friendly Admonition, being a Stranger, lay the greater Obligation upon you. I ſhall therefore, now Occaſion offers, be importunate with you to take my Advice.

I obſerve in your Perſon the expreſs and lively Image of Genteel Blood; but Education ſeems to have caſt a Blot on your Noble Birth. I am therefore apt to believe, either one was wanting to give good Inſtructions, or your Parent's too great Indulgence made you wanton: Either they were too fond in uſing no Correction, or you too obſtinate in rejecting their Counſel. Did they forget what all ought to remember, that the tender Youth of a Child is like the green Willow, which may be bent any way at pleaſure?

As therefore the hot Iron receives any Impreſſion by the Stroak of a Hammer, and keeps it though cold; ſo the tender Wit of a Child, if with Diligence inſtructed in Youth, will carefully practiſe thoſe good Precepts in Age. The Example of the wiſe Husbandman, who in the fatteſt and moſt fertile Ground ſows Hemp before Wheat, ſhould have taught your Parents to have preferr'd Diſcipline to Affection. Or, like the good Gardiner, who in his curious Knots mixes Hyſſop with Thyme, they ſhould have learnt you good Manners to have improv'd your Wit. The cunning Painter caſts the blackeſt Ground for the whiteſt Work, your Parents ſhould have mix'd Menaces with Fair Looks. But Things paſt cannot be recall'd: The *Trojans* were wiſe too late, yet their Folly ſhould cauſe in you an Amendment for the future.

The *Parthians*, to deter their Youth from the decoying Flatteries, and deceitful Snares of vicious Women, had moſt curiouſly carv'd in their Houſes a young Man blind, at whoſe ſide was plac'd a Woman with one hand in his Pocket, as noting her Theft, and holding a Knife in the other to cut his Throat.

If theſe Emblems of Treachery cauſed an Abhorrence of thoſe Crimes; then, my *Euphues*, conſider their Condition who are deceiv'd by them, and fly ſuch dangerous Converſation.

You are here in *Naples* a young Sojourner, I an old Senior; You a Stranger, I a Citizen; You ſecure dreading nothing, I ſorrowful fearing your Ruin.

Here may you ſee Drunkards wallowing in every Corner: Here may you behold thoſe whoſe Bellies are their Gods, who ſleep with Meat in their Mouths, Sin in their Hearts, and Shame in their

their Houſes: Here (I ſay) *Euphues*, is not only to be ſeen the carv'd Viſage of a lewd Woman, but the living Countenance of an impudent Wanton; not only the Shadow of *Love*, but *Luſt* in its moſt deluding Form. You are now amidſt the Rocks, between *Scylla* and *Carybdis*, ready, upon ſhunning one Vice, to ſink into another. Is not he accounted wiſe, whom other Men's Harms make cautious? Let then the Example of the *Parthians* move you to deteſt ſuch Villany at the firſt approach, and to ſhun thoſe dangerous Rocks on which ſo many have loſt their Wealth, and ſhipwreckt their Reputation. But you may anſwer, that though there are many things in *Naples* juſtly to be condemn'd, yet ſome muſt of neceſſity be commended; and as your Will leans to the one, ſo your Wit will incline to the other. Alas! *Euphues*, the greater I perceive your Capacity to be, the more I fear a Fall; for as the fine Chryſtal is ſooner crack'd than the hard Marble, and the ſweeteſt Wine turns to the ſharpeſt Vinegar; ſo the moſt delicate Wit is ſooneſt drawn to Vice, and moſt ſubject to Vanity: Therefore hearken not to the *Syrens*, leſt you be enamour'd: Frequent not their Abodes, leſt they enchant you.

Deſcend into your own Boſom, and conſider the great Difference between ſtaring and ſtark blind, *Wit* and *Wiſdom*, *Love* and *Luſt*; be merry, but with Modeſty; be ſober, but not too ſullen; be valiant, but not too ventrous: Let your Attire be comely, but not coſtly; your Diet wholeſome, but not extravagant: Uſe Paſtime as the word importeth, to paſs away the time in honeſt Recreation; miſtruſt no Man without cauſe, nor be too credulous without proof; be not light to follow every Man's Opi-

nion,

nion, or obſtinate to ſtand in your own Conceit; ſerve, love, and fear God, and he will bleſs you, as your Heart can wiſh, or Friends deſire. And ſo I conclude my Counſel, intreating you to follow it.

This old Gentleman having finiſh'd his Diſcourſe, *Euphues* anſwer'd him thus:

Father and Friend, (your Age ſhows the one, your Honeſty the other) I am neither ſo ſuſpicious to miſtruſt your Good-will, nor ſo ſottiſh to be offended at your Advice: As I ought therefore to return thanks for the one, I am oblig'd to think well of the other. I mean not to quarrel as being captious, nor to controul you as having Preheminence: The firſt would give ſuſpicion of Fraud, the other convince me of Folly. Whereas you argue, I know not upon what grounds, but I am certain upon no proof, that my Education is a Blemiſh to my Birth: I anſwer, nay ſwear too, that you are miſtaken, either by giving too great Credit to the Reports of others, or too much Liberty to your own Judgment. You condemn my Parents of Fondneſs in making me wanton, and me of Obſtinacy in rejecting Correction: But, *ſo many Men ſo many Minds:* That may ſeem in your Opinion odious, which in another's Eye appears commendable.

Ariſtippus was a Philoſopher, yet who more courtly? *Diogenes* a Philoſopher, yet who more ſlovenly? Who more popular than *Plato*, delighting in good Company? And who more envious than *Timon*, forſaking all humane Society? All Men are made of one Metal, yet not caſt in one Mould.

You ſeem to love my Nature, but approve not the manner of my being educated. In that you betray your own Weakneſs, by ſuppoſing *Nature* can be alter'd by Education; and if you have Examples to confirm your Opinion, ſo I have infallible Arguments to confute all Objections.

It is natural for the Vine to ſpread; the more you endeavour to reſtrain it by Art, the more it flouriſhes: So Education can have no ſhow, where the Excellency of Nature bears ſway. *The ſilly Mouſe will not be tam'd*; nor *the ſubtle Fox leave his ſtealing, though he be beaten*: The Crab-tree, whereſoever it be planted or tranſplanted, will never bear a ſweet Apple, unleſs you graft it by *Art*, which has no relation to *Nature*. I could produce many Examples to confirm the Force of *Nature*, and confute your vain Opinion, were not the Repetition of them needleſs, having ſhew'd enough already; ſince others will have no more power to convince than thoſe I have mention'd. Can you be ſo ungrateful, whom Nature has continued ſo many Years, to repine as it were againſt her?

The Similitude of the *Wax* ſhews the Softneſs of your Brain, and the Example of the hot and hard *Iron* diſcovers a Weakneſs of Judgment. Are you ignorant of what all Men allow, that Black will take no other Colour; that Fire cannot be forc'd downwards? *Nature will have its courſe.* Did not *Cicero* ſay, if we obey Nature, we ſhall never Err? And *Ariſtotle* affirm, She makes nothing Vain, Rude or Imperfect?

The very *Heathens* themſelves entertain'd ſo high a Veneration for her, that ſhe was reputed the only Goddeſs in Heaven. If then ſhe has largely

largely endow'd me with her Gifts, why count you me wretched, and void of Grace? If ſhe has dealt hardly with me, why extol you my Birth? If Nature bears no ſway, why do you flatter? But if ſhe works the Effect, to what purpoſe is Education? But let theſe things paſs, as too true to be denied by any, unleſs an Enemy to Humanity.

As to my reſiding here in *Naples*, my youthful Affections, Paſtimes, Pleaſures, and the Company which daily viſit me, though to you, in your declining Days, they bring more Care than Comfort; yet, to me, in the Bloom of Youth, they afford a conſtant Bliſs and Happineſs. Either you would have all Men old as you are, or elſe have forgot you were once young your ſelf: Either in your Youth you were very vicious, or now (being old) too reſerv'd and ſuperſtitious.

But you make no difference between the young flouriſhing Bay-tree and the old wither'd Beech; no diſtinction betwixt the waxing and waining of the Moon, and the riſing and ſetting Sun. Do you meaſure the hot Aſſaults of Youth by the cold Skirmiſhes of Age, whoſe Years are always ſubject to Infirmities? We are merry, you melancholy; we zealous in Affections, you jealous in all your Actions. Seeing then our Natures are ſo repugnant, would you have our Lives agreeable to your Humour? Will one Salve cure all Sores, one Sauce ſerve all Meat? No, no, *Eubulus*, I will yield to more than either I am bound to grant, or you able to prove. Suppoſe that which I can never credit, that *Naples* is a canker'd Store-houſe of all Strife, a common Stews for all Strumpets, the Sink of Shame, and the very Nurſery of all Sin; muſt it of ne-

ceſſity follow, that all who are woo'd of Love, muſt be wedded to Luſt? Will you conclude, as an immediate Conſequence, that whoever arrives here, muſt be decoy'd by Folly, and being once enticed, cannot avoid being entangled? No, no, it is the Diſpoſition of the Thought that alters the *Nature* of things.

The Sun ſhines upon the Dunghill, and is not corrupted; the Diamond lies in the Fire, and is not conſum'd. *A perfect Wit is never bewitch'd with Lewdneſs, nor enſnared with Laſciviouſneſs.*

Is it not common for Elm-trees to ſpring amongſt Beech? and Ivy to ſprout upon hard Stones? If Experience has not taught you this, you have liv'd long, and learnt little; or if you have forgot it, what you have learnt, has profited you nothing. But, perhaps, having been your ſelf too ſimple by Policy to eſcape the Snares, or too weak by Courage to reſiſt the Aſſaults of vicious Examples, you account me of as little Wit, or of leſs Strength.

In my Opinion, *Eubulus*, you may as ſoon catch a Hare with a Tabor, as perſwade Youth with your aged and over-worn Eloquence to ſuch Severity of Life: Which as yet never was *Stoick* in Precepts ſo ſtrict, or any in Life ſo preciſe; but would rather allow in Words, than follow in Works; rather talk of them, than try them. Neither can I believe you were ſuch a Saint in your Youth, to abandon all Pleaſure, Paſtimes and Delights, and to ſacrifice the beſt Fruits of Life to unregarded Virtue. Seeing then it's Labour loſt to perſwade you, and Breath waſted to exhort me, I ſhall leave you to your own way, and purſue ſuch Pleaſures as are moſt ſuitable

ble to my Inclination: And if you have taken little Delight in my Reply, I have reap'd leſs Profit by your Counſel. They, that uſe to ſteal Honey, burn Hemlock, to ſmoak the Bees from their Hive; and, it may be, to get ſome Advantage of me, you have us'd theſe ſmoaky Arguments, to ſmother me with the Conceits of ſtrong Imagination. But, as Elder-trees, though fulleſt of Pith, are fartheſt from Strength; ſo, though your Reaſons ſeem in your own Conceit ſomewhat ſubſtantial, and your Perſwaſions pithy; yet, when well-conſider'd, they are Shadows without Subſtance, and void of Strength. The empty Veſſel gives a louder Sound than the full Barrel. I mean not to apply it; but look into your ſelf. Company waits, and I am call'd hence. Adieu.

Euphues, having thus anſwer'd him, departed, leaving the old Gentleman in great Confuſion; who, perceiving he was more inclin'd to Vice, than Wiſdom, with a deep Sigh, the Tears trickling down his Cheeks, ſaid, Since you refuſe good Counſel when offer'd cheap, you ſhall buy Repentance at ſo dear a Rate, that you'll curſe your hard Pennyworth, and then condemn your obſtinate Temper. Ah *Euphues!* little do you think, that when Wealth's waſted, Wit will afford but ſmall Comfort; and, that if Wit incline to Obſtinacy, Wealth will be of no great Service: If one had been employ'd to Induſtry, the other to Learning, it is hard to conjecture whether you would have been more fortunate by being Rich, or happy by being Wiſe; whether more eſteem'd in the Commonwealth for your Eſtate, or admired in Council for your Judgment. But alas! why ſhould I pity him

for that, which he ſeems to glory in himſelf? Which ſaid, he return'd to his own Houſe, lamenting the Young Man's unhappy Humour.

Here you may ſee how Wits, big with Conceit of their own Judgment, deſpiſe the Counſel of others; preferring the Bloſſom before the Fruit, the green Blade before the ripe Ear of Corn, and their own Wit before all Men's Experience. It is obſervable, that thoſe who have a ſharp Genius believe none equal to themſelves. If a Man's hard in Conceiving, they pronounce him a Sot; if given to Study, a Dunce: If merry, a Jeſter; if ſad, a Saint: If full of Words, a Babbler; and, if ſparing of Speech, a Mute: If one argues with them boldly, he is Impudent; if coldly, an Innocent: If there be reaſoning of Divinity, they cry What is above our Capacity does not concern us; if of Humanity, they cenſure you as a pert Coxcomb.

From hence proceeds ſuch ſtrict Familiarity between the greateſt Wits. When they find their Diſpoſitions ſympathizing in an Agreement of Manners, one flatters the other in his Folly, and lays Cuſhions under the Elbows of his Fellow, when he ſees him take a Nap with Fancy; and as their Wit leads them to Vice, ſo it feigns ſome idle Excuſe to cloak their Vanity.

Too much Study (ſay they) intoxicates the Brain; for, though Iron grows brighter by uſe, yet Silver, with much wearing, waſts to nothing: Beſides, a fine Wit, a ſharp Genius, and quick Underſtanding, attains to more in a ſmall time, than a dull Blockhead is ever able to comprehend. The Wax is more pliant and yields ſooner to the Seal, than the Steel to the Stamp: for there's nothing without its Contrary.

Such

Such is the Nature of theſe Novices, who think to get Learning without Labour, and Treaſure without Induſtry; either not underſtanding, or elſe not remembring, that the faireſt Jewel is faſhion'd with a hard Hammer. I ever thought ſo ſuperſtitiouſly of Wit my ſelf, that I fear I have committed Idolatry againſt Wiſdom: And if Nature had been ſo bounteous as to have endu'd me with it, I ſhould more readily have apologiz'd in its defence, than us'd Arguments againſt it. But they generally believe their own Judgment ſo penetrating, as to be a ſufficient Guard againſt all Dangers: They are impatient of Labour, apt to conceive wrong, credulous to believe the worſt, ready to ſhake off their old Acquaintance without cauſe, and to condemn them without ground: Humours ſooner ſuck'd in, than purg'd out. But return we now to *Euphues*.

Euphues, having liv'd for the Space of two Months in *Naples*, whether mov'd by a young Gentleman's courteous and obliging Behaviour, by his agreeable Converſation, or his own Humour, I know not; but ſuch an entire Love he had towards him, that he ſhow'd little Regard to any other, reſolving to enter into ſuch an *Inviolable League* of *Friendſhip*, as neither Time ſhould gradually impair, Fancy intirely diſſolve, nor any Suſpicion infringe.

I have read, ſays he, and ſtrictly believe it, That *a Friend is in Proſperity a pleaſant, merry Companion; in Adverſity and Grief, a Help and Comfort; and in all Places the expreſs Image of my own Perſon*; ſo that I know nothing to be compar'd to Friendſhip. What *Treaſure* can be ſo valuable as a true *Friend*, in whoſe Boſom you may ſleep ſecurely,

ſecurely, void of Fear, repoſe all your Secrets without Suſpicion of Treachery; and whom you may make a Partner of all your Misfortunes, without leſſening his Love? But All are not to be truſted who talk of Friendſhip. Actions, not Words, try a Friend, and Times of Adverſity prove the Sincereneſs of the Heart. Alike Diſpoſitions cauſe an Agreement in Mind; and therefore young *Gentlemen* ſhould chooſe Friends, who ſo far reſemble themſelves, that tho' abſent they may ſeem to be where they are; though aſunder, yet converſant; though dead, yet alive. I will therefore make ſure of *Philautus* for a *Friend*, becauſe in him I perceive the lively Image of *Euphues*.

Although it muſt be confeſs'd, that Friendſhip is the chief and ſole Joy of Humane Life; yet when Amity is grounded upon ſo ſmall Affection, we may juſtly conjecture, that a ſlight Occaſion will diſſolve it, as in the Sequel of *Euphues* and *Philautus* will appear: And though the Diſcourſe of their *Friendſhip*, and falling out, is long; yet, being ſomething ſtrange, I hope the Delightfulneſs of the one, will extenuate the Tediouſneſs of the other.

Euphues had continual Acceſs to *Philautus*, and no little Familiarity with him, who finding a convenient Seaſon, in theſe few Words unfolded his Mind.

Gentleman and Friend, the Trial I have had of your Manners cuts off many Ceremonies, which to another I ſhould have us'd in this Affair. And ſince many Words argue Folly, and nice Expreſſions incur the Suſpicion of *Flattery*, I am reſolv'd to uſe neither, knowing both breed Offence. Weighing with my ſelf the Force of

of Friendſhip by the Effects, I reſolv'd ever ſince my coming to *Naples* to ſtrike Hands with ſuch a one, as might direct my Steps, I being a Stranger; and reſemble my Manners, he being a Scholar: Theſe two Qualities, as I find them in you equal to my Deſire, ſo I hope I ſhall meet your Heart willing to accompliſh my Requeſt. Which, if I may obtain, aſſure your ſelf, that no *Pylades* to his *Oreſtes* was ever found more faithful than *Euphues* will be to *Philautus*.

Philautus was the better pleaſed with this Diſcourſe, becauſe it came ſo unexpectedly; for he had obſerved with no ſmall Delight the good Qualities both of Body and Mind in *Euphues*; to whom he anſwer'd in this Manner.

Friend *Euphues*, (for ſo by your Talk I muſt call you) I dare neither uſe a long Diſcourſe, nor a formal Speech, leſt you ſhould convince me of thoſe Things you your ſelf condemn. I am bold to preſume upon your frank Temper, ſince you have us'd ſo little Ceremony; perſuading my ſelf a ſhort Anſwer will work as great Effect in you, as few Words did in me. And ſince we reſemble each other (as you ſay) in Qualities, it muſt follow, that we be equal in Courteſy. Seeing the ſincere Affection of the Heart cannot be expreſs'd by the Mouth, and that no Eloquence can unfold the entire Love of the Mind, I muſt earneſtly deſire you not to meaſure the Firmneſs of my Faith by the Fewneſs of my Words, but rather think that my good Will is ſo great that no Expreſſions can fully deſcribe it. Trial ſhall prove my Sincerity, and here is my Hand, my Heart, my Eſtate, my Life at your Command. My eaſy Belief, void of Scruple or Suſpicion, proves my Love;

and

and I hope will cauſe you to like me the better. Either *Euphues* and *Philautus* had great Occaſion for Friendſhip, or were ordain'd to be *Friends*, upon ſo ſhort Acquaintance to make ſo ſudden a Concluſion. But it may, in my *Opinion*, if continued, ſeem wonderful; if ſhaken off, ridiculous. After many Embracings and Proteſtations one to another, they went to Dinner, where neither Muſick, nor any other Paſtime was wanting; to digeſt their Banquet they danc'd all that Afternoon; they us'd not only one Table, but one Bed, and one Book, if they thought not one too many. Their Friendſhip encreaſed every Day, ſo that they could not refrain the Company of each other a Minute; all Things were in common between them, and every one commended their Friendly Converſation.

Philautus being a Native of that City, for his own Sake, and for the Reſpect his Father had whilſt he liv'd, was in Favour with *Ferardo*, one of the chief *Governours*, who had a gallant Company of young Gentlewomen, dwelling in his Palace; but his Daughter, ſole Heireſs to his Revenues, ſurpaſs'd them all in Beauty. Her modeſt Baſhfulneſs caus'd the others to look pale for Envy; and her Cheeks, of a Vermillion Red, made the reſt bluſh for Shame. For as the Sun dims the Moon that ſhe cannot be diſcern'd; ſo this Maid more Fair than Fortunate, and yet more Fortunate than Faithful, eclips'd the Beauty of them all. Unto her had *Philautus* Acceſs, who won her by Right of Love, and wou'd have had her by Right of Law, if *Euphues* by Treachery had not undermin'd him, and mov'd the Maid to Inconſtancy.

It happen'd that *Don Ferardo* being call'd to *Venice*, by ſome earneſt Affairs of his own, he left the Care of his Houſe to his Daughter, who ſpared no Opportunity to entertain her Friend *Philautus* with all Delights and Delicates, reſerving only her Honeſty as chief Prop of her *Honour*. Her Father being now gone, ſhe ſent for him to Supper, who came not, as uſually, alone, but accompanied with *Euphues*; to whom the Lady gave ſo cold a Welcome, that he repented his coming.

Euphues, though he knew himſelf worthy of Encouragement, yet could he not find her willing to give him a Friendly Look. But leſt he ſhould ſeem, for want of Breeding, to be daſh'd out of Countenance, he addreſs'd himſelf to a Gentlewoman call'd *Livia* in theſe Words.

Fair Lady, If it is uſual in *Italy* to welcome Strangers ſo coldly, the Cuſtom ſeems ungenteel, and the Country unpolite. If it is the Manner of Ladies to welcome Gentlemen with Coyneſs, then muſt I think the Women uncivil to uſe it, and the Men paſt Shame to come where they meet ſuch cold Reception. But for the future I'll bring a Seat under my Arm for an unbidden Gueſt, or a Vizard on my Face for a ſhameleſs Goſſip. *Livia* replied:

Sir, Our Country is civil, and our Ladies courteous; but in *Naples* it is counted a Jeſt to ſay at every Word, *Sir, you are heartily welcome.* As they were yet talking, Supper was ſet on the Table, when *Philautus* ſpoke thus to *Lucilla.*

I am the bolder, Madam, to bring my Shadow with me, (meaning *Euphues*) knowing he would be welcome for my Sake.

Sir, replied the Lady, As whenever I ſaw you, I thought you came not without your Shadow, ſo I am amazed now to ſee you ſo overſhot as to bring a new one.

Euphues, though he obſerved her coy Reply, ſeem'd not to mind it, but taking her by the Hand, ſaid.

Fair Lady, ſince you ſo often walk in the Shade to skreen your Beauty from the ſcorching Sun, I think you ſhould have a greater Eſteem for it.

Well, anſwer'd *Lucilla*, in arguing for the Shadow we loſe the Subſtance; therefore pray ſit down to Supper; and ſo they all ſate down: But *Euphues*, ſmitten with the Beauty of *Lucilla*, little regarded the Entertainment.

After Supper, the Cuſtom in *Naples* was to diſcourſe of *Love* or *Learning*, at the Deſire of the Ladies. *Philautus* was accordingly requeſted; but he turn'd it off to *Euphues*, whom he knew moſt fit for that Purpoſe. *Euphues*, after many importunate Intreaties, began as follows.

The weakeſt muſt ſtill go to the Wall. But, Ladies, were not your Wills a Law, I would beg Leave to reſign my Office to one of you, whoſe Experience in Love makes you the beſt Judges, and whoſe Learning renders you ſo amiable. For me to treat of the one, being a *Novice*; or to diſcourſe of the other, being a *Truant*, may well tire your Patience, but never add one Jot to your Knowledge; it will rather cauſe you to laugh at my Ignorance, than to approve of my weak Reaſons: But it is by your Command I enter on this Diſcourſe, therefore I need no Apology to excuſe myſelf: And ſince you have left it to my Choice either to argue of

Love

Love or Learning, I had rather at preſent be accounted extravagant in rejecting Profit, than a Stoick in renouncing Pleaſure.

It has been often diſputed, whether Women admire the Qualities of the Mind more than the Compoſition of the Body; or whether Men are more moved by Wit than Beauty. Certainly, as far as the Soul is preferable to the Body, ſo far are the Graces of the one to be valued above the Gifts of the other: If ſo, then are the inward Endowments of the Mind more worthy our regard than the outward Glances of Beauty; and thoſe are moſt to be admired, whoſe Souls are adorn'd with the greateſt Perfections.

But on the contrary, if we reſpect the outward Form more than the intrinſick Value, *Heavens!* into how many Miſchiefs do we fall? How often are we deceiv'd by truſting to outward Appearance? Painted Pots hide ſtrong Poiſon; and the moſt curious Sepulchres incloſe no more than the rotten Bones of a decay'd Carcaſs. Frantick then are thoſe Lovers who are caught only with the Brightneſs of a fine Face? whoſe Beauty is changed by the Sun-Beams, or withered by the Winter's Blaſt; is of ſo ſhort Continuance, and fading, that the Wiſe account it a pleaſing Bait to inſnare us into a real Evil in purſuit of an imaginary Good.

Were I to enlarge on this Subject, how many Inſtances might be given of thoſe, who, vainly fond of their own Beauty, think all Mankind their Slaves, and uſe with the utmoſt Cruelty ſuch as bear them the greateſt Reſpect. It is ſtrange to ſee the doating Fondneſs of their Lovers, and with what Haughtineſs they treat

them for their Good-will. Pardon, Ladies, a bare Hint of ſuch Women's Diſpoſitions: To relate all their cunning Contrivances, would be painfull to me, and too grating for you to hear.

Two Things they cauſe their Servants to vow, *Secrecy* and *Obedience*, by the one to conceal their enticing Slights, by the other to aſſure themſelves of their only Service. Again,——But hold——If I ſhould wade any farther, and ſound the Depth of their Treacheries, I ſhould either procure your Diſpleaſure, or incur the Suſpicion of Inconſtancy; either teach you to practiſe the like Subtilties, or accuſe my ſelf of Perjury. But I deſign not to offend your chaſte Minds, with a Rehearſal of their looſe Lives, whoſe Cheeks I perceive glow, and whoſe Hearts are griev'd at what I have already utter'd; not as aſhamed of your own Actions, which are virtuous and worthy Commendation, but for Grief that any of your Sex ſhould be ſo deſerving of Blame.

Let Ladies then beware of ſetting too great a Value upon a fine Complexion, or being ſo highly conceited of their own Merit, or ſo unkind to their Faithful Admirers: When their Beauty ſhall be like the blaſted Roſe; their Wealth waſted, and Bodies decay'd; their Faces wrinkl'd, and Fingers crooked, who will love them in their riper Age, who ſcorn'd all in their Youth? If you would be belov'd when Old, be courteous whilſt Young: If embrac'd in the waining of your Beauty, be not ſqueamiſh in the Increaſe of it: If you deſire to be kept as Roſes when you have loſt your Colour, ſmell ſweet like thoſe Flowers in the Bud. So ſhall

you

you be cheriſh'd for your *Courteſy*, comforted for your *Chaſtity*, eſteem'd for your *Amity*. Thus far, Ladies, I am bold to adviſe thoſe that are Coy, that they weave not the Web of their own Woe by Pride and Cruelty.

And now it will not be amiſs to conſider, whether Man or Woman is moſt ſubject to Love, and which is the moſt *conſtant* of the two: But in this Point I will not be Judge, leſt I ſhould anger the one, or affront the other. If therefore, you pleaſe, Mrs. *Lucilla*, to give your Opinion, I'll with Submiſſion anſwer; for though I am ſure your *Judgment* is ſound, yet *Affection*, I fear, will prejudice it.

Lucilla, perceiving his Deſign, thought to take advantage of this Propoſal, and ſaid: Sir, in my Opinion Women are to be won with every Wind, in whoſe Sex there is not Power to withſtand the Aſſaults of Love, or Conſtancy to remain Faithful. And becauſe your Diſcourſe has hitherto been pleaſant, I am unwilling to hinder you in the Progreſs. *Euphues*, perceiving himſelf caught, anſwer'd as follows.

Madam, if you ſpeak as you think, theſe Ladies preſent have little Cauſe to thank you: If you oblige me to commend Women, my Tale will be accounted as trifling, your Words as plain *Truth*: Yet knowing Promiſe to be Debt, I'll pay it with Performance. And I wiſh the Gentlemen here preſent were as ready to credit my Proof, as the Ladies are willing to hear their own Praiſes; or I myſelf as able to overcome, as Mrs. *Lucilla* is deſirous to have her Words contradicted. But however the Matter falls out, I am on the ſure Side; for if my Reaſons are weak, then is your Sex ſtrong; if

ſtrong,

ſtrong, then is your Judgment feeble: If I find Truth on my Side, I hope I ſhall, for my pains, win the Good-will of Women: If I want Proof, then, Ladies, you muſt of neceſſity ſubmit to Men. But to the Matter.

As to their yielding to Love, though their Hearts ſeem tender, yet are they like the Stone of *Sicilia*, which hardens with beating: For being fram'd more perfect than Men, they are more pure in Thought, and their Actions more diſcreet; therefore they abhor the fickle Love of Youth, which is grounded upon baſe Deſire, and diſſolved upon every ſlight Occaſion. When they perceive Men fond of vain Delights, and change their wavering Affections to frantick Fury, pining in the midſt of Pleaſure, and turning pale with Peeviſhneſs; their treacherous Dealings, their Letters compoſed of fulſome Flatteries, and Promiſes never deſigned to be perform'd; their Love, if I may call it ſo, begun in an idle, vain or whimſical Fancy, and laid aſide again as haſtily in a fickle, hair-brain'd, wanton Humour: Then, I ſay, their Lives ſeem ſo odious, that the Fair harden their Hearts againſt ſuch Flames, and endeavour to convert them from Raſhneſs to Reaſon; from lewd Diſpoſition to diſcreet and honeſt Behaviour. Hence comes it that Men accuſe Women of Cruelty, becauſe they want Civility; calling them deceitful Enſnarers for not yielding to their Wickedneſs, and faithleſs for reſiſting their baſe and ungenerous Paſſion. But you muſt pardon me, Madam, if I thus abruptly leave my Diſcourſe unfiniſh'd; it is neither for want of Good-will or Proof, but I feel in myſelf ſuch an Alteration, that I can ſcarce utter a Word: Ah *Euphues! Euphues!*

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The Ladies were ſo amaz'd at this ſudden Change, that they all look'd pale with Surprize. But *Euphues*, taking *Philautus* by the Hand, return'd thanks for their Patience and Entertainment, and departed.

Lucilla, who now began to be enflamed by Love, all the Company being retir'd to their Lodgings, enter'd into this Diſcourſe with her ſelf.

Ah wretched *Lucilla*! how art thou perplex'd? What a doubtful ſtruggle doſt thou feel between *Faith* and *Fancy*, *Hope* and *Fear*, *Conſcience* and a looſe Deſire?

O my *Euphues!* Little do you ſuſpect what Sorrows I ſuſtain for your dear Sake; whoſe Wit has charm'd me; whoſe good Qualities have ſhock'd my former Reſolutions; whoſe courteous Behaviour without Affectedneſs, comely Features without Blemiſh, eloquent Speech without Fraud, have wrapp'd me in this Misfortune.—And can you, *Lucilla*, be ſo light as to forſake *Philautus*, and fly to *Euphues*?— Prefer a Stranger before your own Countryman?—— Why, *Euphues*, perhaps, deſires my Love; but *Philautus* has merited it.—— *Euphues* (it's true) is worthy of me; but *Philautus* deſerves better than I am.—— Ay, but the latter Love is more fervent; yet the firſt may be more faithful.—— *Euphues* has greater Perfections; but *Philautus* has deeper Affection.

Ah, fond Wretch, can you ſuppoſe *Euphues* will believe you conſtant to him, who art inconſtant to his Friend? Will he truſt to the Faithfulneſs of one whoſe Fickleneſs he has try'd? Or will he not doubt her Honour, whoſe light Change calls her Honeſty in Queſtion? Yes,

yes,

yes, *Lucilla*, he knows the Glaſs once crack'd will with the leaſt touch be broken; that ſhe who has been falſe to one, will never be true to any. But can *Euphues* accuſe me of Inconſtancy, when for his Sake I forfeit my Fidelity? Does he not remember, the broken Bone once ſet is ſtronger than ever it was? That though the Spider poiſon the Fly, ſhe cannot infect the Bee? Though I have been faithleſs to *Philautus*, I may prove true to *Euphues*?

'Tis not my Deſire, but his Merit; nor is it want of Good-will towards *Philautus* that moves my Fancy, but the ſuperior Qualifications of *Euphues*: For as the Bee leaves the Weed when ſhe ſees the fair Flower, becauſe it is ſweeter; ſo I, thô I liked *Philautus* at firſt for his rare Wit, have forſaken him, and ſettled my Affections on *Euphues*, whom I perceive to excell him; therefore am I rather to be commended than blamed for guiding my Love by Deſert, and not by Fancy, eſteeming him moſt who is moſt worthy. Is not the Diamond of more Value than the Ruby, becauſe it is of more Virtue? Is not *Euphues* more worthy than *Philautus*, being more witty?

But fie, *Lucilla*, why flatter you your own Folly? Can you ſuppoſe *Euphues* a Friend, whom your own Words have made a Foe? Did you not accuſe Women of Inconſtancy, and account your ſelf eaſy to be won? Did you not condemn them of Weakneſs? What ſounder Argument can he have againſt you, than your own Anſwer, or greater Trial than your own Confeſſion? If you belied your Sex, he will judge you unkind; if you revealed the Truth, he muſt believe you inconſtant; if he perceive you are

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won with a Nut, he'll imagine you will be loſt for an Apple: If he find you wanton before you wed, he'll gueſs you will waver when wedded.

But ſuppoſe that *Euphues* love you, that *Philautus* leave you, will your Father give you Liberty to live after your own Pleaſure? Will he eſteem him worthy to inherit his Poſſeſſions, whom he accounts unworthy to enjoy your Perſon? Is it likely that he will marry you with a *Stranger*, with a *Grecian*, with a *mean Man*? Ay, but how knows my Father but he is Wealthy, and whether his Revenues are able to countervail my Lands, or whether his Birth be noble? Nay, can any one doubt his Noble Birth who ſees his genteel Behaviour? Can he be thought of mean Original, who in all Qualities is without equal? No, no, the *Gold is known by the Touch.* And as the ſoft Wax receives the Print of the Seal, ſhewing no other Impreſſion, ſo the tender Babe, ſtamp'd with the Fathers Manners, repreſents his Image moſt lively.

But were I once certain of *Euphues*'s Goodwill, I would not ſo highly value my Father's Anger. Time has wean'd me from my Mother's Breaſt, and Age has rid me from my Father's Correction; when Children are in their Swadling Cloaths then are they ſubject to the Rod, and ought to take Care how they diſpleaſe their Parents; as for me, ſeeing I am not fed with their Pap, I will not be led by their Perſuaſions. Let my Father ſay what he pleaſes I'll follow my own Luſt. Luſt, *Lucilla!* what ſay you? No, no, my own Love I ſhould have ſaid, for I am as far from Luſt as from Reaſon, and as near to Love as to Folly. Then ſtick to your Determination, and ſhow what Love can do, what Love dares do, what Love has done. Though I can-

not quench the Coals of Deſire with Forgetfulneſs, yet will I rake them up in the Aſhes of Modeſty; and ſince I dare not diſcover my Love for maidenly Baſhfulneſs, I will diſſemble it 'till I find an Opportunity. And I hope ſo to behave my ſelf, that *Euphues* ſhall think me his own, and *Philautus* perſwade himſelf I'm none but his. But I wiſh *Euphues* would return again that his Preſence might ſomewhat mitigate my Pain.

She having thus diſcours'd with her ſelf, Grief threw her on the Bed; there let her lye, and let us return to *Euphues*, who was ſo caught in the Gin of Folly, that he could not comfort himſelf, nor durſt ask Counſel of his Friend, ſuſpecting what indeed was true, that *Philautus* was his Corrival; therefore amidſt his Extremities between Hope and Fear he utter'd theſe or the like Words.

Who is he *Euphues* that knowing your Wit, and ſeeing your Folly, will nor rather puniſh your Lewdneſs than pity your Grief? Was there ever any ſo fickle to be ſo ſoon entic'd, ever any ſo faithleſs thus to deceive his Friend, ever any ſo fooliſh to plunge himſelf into ſuch Misfortunes? Too true it is, that as the Sea-Crab ſwims againſt the Stream, ſo Wit always ſtrives againſt Wiſdom. And as the Bee is often hurt with his own Honey, ſo is Wit not ſeldom plagu'd with his own Conceit.

O ye Gods! have ye ordain'd for every Malady a Medicine, for every Sore a Salve, for every Pain a Plaiſter, leaving only Love remedileſs? Thought ye no Man ſo mad to be entangl'd with Deſire, or did ye account them worthy to be tormented who were ſo miſled?

Have

Have ye dealt more favourably with Brute Beaſts, than with reaſonable Creatures?

The filthy Sow, when ſhe is ſick, eats the Sea-Crab, and is immediately healed; the Bear, ready to pine, licks up the Ants, and recovers; the Hart, being pierced with a Dart, runs preſently to the Herb *Dictanum*, and is healed. And can Man by no Herb, by no Way, procure a Remedy for the impatient Deſire of Love? Alas! I find that Love is like the Fig-Tree, whoſe Fruit is ſweet, and Root exceeding bitter.

But, O Impiety! O broad Blaſphemy againſt the Heavens! Will you, *Euphues*, be ſo impudent to accuſe the Gods of Iniquity? No, fond Fool, no; neither is it forbidden us by the Gods to love, by whoſe Divine Providence we are permitted to live; nor do we want Remedies, but Reaſon how to uſe them. — But why go I about to hinder the Courſe of Love, with a Diſcourſe of Love? Have you never read *Euphues* that he who caſts Water into the Fire, makes the Flame the fiercer? So he that ſeeks by Counſel to moderate his Affection, but encreaſes his Deſire. — Ah, my *Lucilla*! I wiſh you were leſs Fair, or I more Fortunate, I wiſer, or you leſs cruel, either I out of this mad Fancy, or that we were both of a Mind.

But how ſhould ſhe be perſwaded of my Loyalty, who never had one ſingle Proof of my Love? Will ſhe not rather imagine me entangl'd with her Beauty, than with her Virtue. That my Fancy being ſo lewdly chain'd at firſt, will be as lightly chang'd at laſt; that *nothing Violent can be laſting*. Yes, yes, ſhe muſt needs conjecture ſo, tho' it is not ſo; for my Affection coming on the ſudden, ſhe will account it the leſs certain. The ratling Thunder-bolt has but

his Clap, the Lightning but his Flaſh; and as both come in a Moment, they end in a Minute.

Ay, but, *Euphues*, has ſhe not heard alſo, that the dry Touchwood is kindled with Lime? that the Fire burns the Flax? that Love eaſily enters the ſharp Wit without Reſiſtance, and abides there without Regret?

If, therefore, the Gods have endowed her with as much Bounty, as Beauty, if ſhe have no leſs Wit than Comelineſs, ſhe will neither think ill of my ſudden Suit, nor be ſhy of receiving me to her Service, nor ſuſpect me of Lightneſs in yielding ſo ſoon, or reject me with Diſdain, for loving ſo haſtily? Shall I not then hazard my Life to obtain my Love, and deceive *Philautus* to gain *Lucilla*? Yes, *Euphues*, where Love bears Sway, Friendſhip can have no Shew. As *Philautus* carry'd me for his Shadow the laſt Supper, ſo will I uſe him for my Shadow 'till I have won his Miſtreſs. — And can you, perfidious Wretch, be falſe to him who is faithful to you? Shall his Courteſy be the Cauſe of your Baſeneſs? Shall Affection be of more Force than *Friendſhip*, *Love* than *Juſtice*, *Luſt* than *Loyalty*. Know you not, that *he who has loſt his Honeſty, has nothing more to loſe.*

P'ſhaw, the Caſe is light where Reaſon takes Place; *to Love and Live well is not granted to* Jupiter. He that is blinded with Beauty, diſcerns not what is Honeſty. Did not *Paris*, though a welcome Gueſt to *Menelaus*, ſerve his Hoſt a ſlippery Trick? If *Philautus* had lov'd *Lucilla*, he would never have ſuffered *Euphues* to have ſeen her. Is it not a Bye-word amongſt us, that *Gold corrupts an honeſt Man*? Did *Philautus* then think *Euphues* ſo blind not to diſcern Beauty, or ſo ſimple not to deſire it? Thought he him a

Stoick

Stoick that he would not be mov'd, or a *Stock* that he could not?

Well, well, ſeeing the Wound that bleeds inwardly is moſt dangerous, that Sores having no vent feſter ſecretly, 'tis high Time to unfold my ſecret Love to my Lady. Let *Philautus* behave himſelf as craftily as he pleaſes, he ſhall know *it muſt be a cunning Mouſe that ſleeps in the Cat's Ear*: And becauſe we reſemble each other in Wit, I'll try who can diſſemble beſt.

But if *Lucilla* be ſo proud to diſdain *Euphues*, would *Euphues* were ſo happy to deny *Lucilla*; or if *Lucilla* be ſo mortified to live without Love, would *Euphues* were ſo fortunate to live in hate. Ay, but my cold Welcome foretells a Denial; Ay, but her private Glances promiſe ſome good Fortune. Fie, fond Fool, *Euphues*, why alledge you theſe Things to cut off your Hope, which ſhe, perhaps, would never have found, or to comfort your ſelf with thoſe Reaſons ſhe never means to propoſe. P'ſhaw it were no Love if it were certain, and a ſmall Conqueſt to overthrow without Reſiſtance.

In Battels there muſt be a doubtful Fight, and a deſperate End; in Love a Life without Hope, and a Death without Fear. Fire comes out of the hardeſt Flint with Steel; Love out of the ſtonieſt Heart by Faith and Time. Had *Tarquin* ſued for Love with Cunning and Mildneſs, *Lucretia* would with Pity have anſwer'd his Deſire, or with ſome Perſwaſions have ſtay'd her own Death. It was the Heat of his Luſt, made her haſte to end her Life; ſo that Love is not to be condemn'd in either Reſpect, but he of Raſhneſs to attempt a Lady ſo furiouſly, and ſhe of too great Severity in puniſhing his Crime on her own Fleſh; a Fact, in my *Opinion*, more worthy

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the Name of Cruelty than of Chaſtity, and fitter for a *Monſter* in the Deſarts, than a *Matron* of *Rome*. *Penelope*, no leſs conſtant than ſhe, yet more wiſe, would have been weary of unweaving in the Night, what ſhe ſpun in the Day, if *Ulyſſes* had not come Home as he did. *There is no Woman*, Euphues, *but will yield in Time*, be not therefore caſt down either with their high Looks, or froward Words.

Euphues, having thus talk'd with himſelf, *Philautus* entered the Chamber, and finding him waſted with continual Mourning, neither caring for his Meat, nor Delighting in his Friend, with watry Eyes uttered theſe Words.

Friend and *Companion*, As I am not ignorant of your preſent Weakneſs, ſo I am not privy to the Cauſe; and though I ſuſpect many Things, yet I can aſſure my ſelf of nothing. Therefore, good *Euphues*, put an End to theſe Doubts of mine. You have found me hitherto a chearful Companion in your Mirth, and now you ſhall find me as careful in your Grief. If you cannot be altogether cur'd, you may at leaſt be comforted. If there be any Thing that either by my Acquaintance can be procur'd, or, to the endangering my Life, attain'd, that may give you ſome eaſe, or a thorough Cure, I proteſt, by the Name of a Friend, that I will ſooner hazard my Body to gain it, than accept of a Kingdom to loſe it.

You have tried me, therefore truſt me; you have truſted me in many Things, therefore try me in this one. I never yet fail'd, and now I will not ſhrink. Be bold to ſpeak, and bluſh not; thy Sore is not ſo bad but I can heal it; your Grief is not ſo great but I can eaſe it. Riſe, therefore, *Euphues*, and take Heart, pluck

up

up your Spirits, if Love have ſtung you, it ſhall not ſtifle you. *Delays breed Dangers*; nothing ſo dangerous as Procraſtination.

Euphues hearing this Friendly Counſel, diſſembled his ſorrowful Heart with a ſmiling Face, and anſwer'd him as follows.

True 'tis *Philautus*, that *he who touches the Nettle tenderly, is ſooneſt ſtung*; that *the Fly which plays in the Fire, is ſing'd in the Flame*; that he who dallies with Women is in the high Road to Ruin. As the Loadſtone draws the heavy Iron, a Harp the fleet *Dolphin*, ſo Beauty allures the chaſt Mind to Love, and the ſharpeſt Wit to Luſt. Which Example I wiſh were of no leſs Profit to others, than 'tis likely to prove fatal to me. The *Goat*, the fatter ſhe is, the leſs fertile; and Man, the more witty, the leſs happy. So it is, *Philautus*, for why ſhould I conceal it from you, of whom I am to take Counſel? that ſince my firſt being at the Houſe of *Ferardo*, I have felt ſuch a Conteſt in my own Breaſt, that unleſs it be ſpeedily repreſs'd, I ſhall certainly end my Days with inexpreſſible Anguiſh.

Ah *Livia*, *Livia!* your courtly Grace without Coyneſs, and bright Beauty without Blemiſh; your courteous Demeanour void of Affectation, your ſweet Speech ſavour'd with Wit, and comely Mirth temper'd with Modeſty, your Looks chaſt yet lovely, your Taunts ſharp yet pleaſant, have conquer'd my Heart. Doubtleſs, if ever ſhe her ſelf have felt the ſcorching Flames of Deſire, ſhe will be ready to quench the Coals with Courteſy in another. If ever ſhe has been taken with the Fever of Fancy, ſhe will help him whoſe quotidian Ague is turn'd to a Phrenſy: Neither under ſo lovely a Countenance can ill Nature be lodg'd, or a hard Heart under ſo beautiful a Viſage.

ſage. The Diſpoſition of the Mind, follows the Compoſition of the Body; How then can ſhe be any thing imperfect in Mind, who in Body is perfect every way? I know my Succeſs will be good, but I know not how to have Acceſs to my Goddeſs; nor do I want Courage to diſcover my Love to my Friend, but ſome Excuſe for frequenting the Houſe of *Ferardo*: for if in *Naples* they are as jealous as in other Parts of *Italy*, then ought I to be circumſpect in my Proceedings, and frame ſome Reaſon for my often coming.

If therefore, *Philautus*, you can fix this Feather to my Arrow, I will ſhoot ſo near as you ſhall account me a cunning *Archer*. And truly, had not my Love for you been great, I had conceal'd my Sorrow in Silence, knowing that in ſuch Caſes nothing is more dangerous than to participate the Means to another, and that *two may keep Counſel if one be away*. I am therefore forc'd to challenge that Courteſy at your Hands, which before you promis'd from your Heart, the Performance whereof ſhall bind me to *Philautus*, and prove him faithful to *Euphues*. Now if your Cunning be anſwerable to your good Will, practiſe ſome pleaſant Conceit upon your poor Patient, which may either work out my new Diſtemper, or gain me my Deſire.

But, I fear, where ſo ſtrange a Malady is to be cur'd of ſo unskilful a Phyſician, either you will not be bold enough to practiſe, or my Body too weak to purge. Yet ſeeing a deſperate Diſeaſe is to be committed to a deſperate Doctor, I'll follow your Counſel, deſiring you to be as careful in adminiſtring Phyſick, as I willing to put my Life in your Hands.

Philautus, thinking all to be Gold that gliſter'd, anſwer'd his feign'd Story thus.

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Since you make me privy to your Purpoſe, and ſeek my Aid, aſſure your ſelf of my utmoſt Endeavours to ſerve you; ſo that you ſhall never repent of the Confidence you have plac'd in me. Be perſwaded you ſhall find *Philautus*, as long as he lives, a ready Comfort in Misfortunes, and a faithful Aſſiſtant in Neceſſity. As to *Livia*, tho' ſhe is fair, yet is ſhe not ſo amiable as my *Lucilla*, whoſe Servant I have been for three Years.

But leſt Compariſons ſhould ſeem odious, eſpecially where neither can be equalled, I'll omit that; and ſeeing we had rather be with them, than talking of them, let us immediately go to them. And truly, *Euphues*, I am not a little glad, that you will not only prove a Comfort in my Life, but a Companion in my Love: As you have been Wiſe in your Choice, ſo I hope you will be Fortunate. *Livia* is a Maid of more Wit than Beauty, *Lucilla* of more Beauty than Wit; both of greater Honeſty than Honour, and yet both of ſuch Honour, that in all *Naples* there is none in Birth to be compared to them.

As to our Acceſs, fear not, I'll ſo engage *Ferardo*, that he ſhall rather earneſtly entreat you to repair to his Houſe, than uſe you ill to drive you away; for as old Men are very ſuſpicious to miſtruſt every thing, ſo are they credulous to believe all. But let us go devoutly to the Shrine of our Saints, there to pay our Devotion; for Wounds like ours muſt be heal'd where they were firſt made: Let us go. To which *Euphues* willingly gave Conſent, ſmiling to think how eaſily he had impos'd upon *Philautus*.

Here, Gentlemen, you may ſee the Fraud in Friendſhip; the painted Sheath, and leaden Dagger, the fair Words that deceive the Unwary. But I'll not trouble you with a ſuperfluous Addition, unto whom, I fear, I have been too tedious in the bare Diſcourſe of this rude *Hiſtory*.

Philautus and *Euphues* repair'd to the Houſe of *Ferardo*, where they found Mrs. *Lucilla* and *Livia*, accompanied with other Ladies, playing at Cards. *Lucilla*, ſurpriz'd at the ſight of *Euphues*, ſigh'd, and a modeſt Bluſh o'erſpread her lovely Face.

Euphues, ſtruck with no leſs ſurprize, beheld *Lucilla* with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, and tacitly confeſs'd a Paſſion he wanted Opportunity to reveal. *Lucilla*, recovering, addreſs'd herſelf to them in this manner:

Gentlemen, tho' your long Abſence gave me Occaſion to think you miſlik'd your laſt Entertainment; yet your coming now has cut off my former Suſpicion; and you are the more welcome, the longer you have been expected. But you, Sir, (taking *Euphues* by the Hand) was the rather wiſh'd for, becauſe your Diſcourſe being left imperfect, we all long'd to have an end of it.

To whom *Philautus* anſwer'd, as follows.

Madam, though your Courteſy made us nothing doubt of our Welcome, yet Modeſty caus'd us to abſent awhile. As for my Friend, none could more earneſtly wiſh for him here, than he has deſired it himſelf; whether it be to end his Diſcourſe, or to recant what he has ſaid, I cannot tell. *Euphues*, interrupting him, anſwer'd thus:

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Madam, to recant Truths were Hereſy, and to renew the Praiſes of Women Flattery; the only Reaſon why I wiſh'd myſelf here, was to return Thanks for my Entertainment, which I could no ways deſerve; and to create a greater Acquaintance, if it might be granted. *Lucilla*, inflam'd with his Preſence, ſaid, Nay, *Euphues*, you ſhall not eſcape ſo; for if my Courteſy were the Cauſe of your coming, let it be the Occaſion of the finiſhing your diſcourſe, otherwiſe I ſhall believe you have undertaken a Task too difficult for you to perform. *Euphues*, now as willing to obey as ſhe to command, addreſs'd himſelf to a Concluſion; when, ſeeing the whole Company ready to give him Hearing, he proceeded as follows.

I have not forgot that my laſt Diſcourſe with theſe Ladies, was to their Praiſe, and therefore the end muſt cloſe up the juſt Proof; otherwiſe I ſhould ſet down *Venus*'s Shadow without the lively Subſtance.

As there can be no one thing nam'd, either of Love or Conſtancy, wherein the Fair Sex excel not ours; ſo in Fervency they exceed ſo much, that Men are more likely to wonder at them, and readier to laugh at their Virtues, than to imitate them: For as they are hard to be won without Trial of Faith, ſo are they ſeldom loſt, without great Cauſe, through Fickleneſs. I, for my part, am brought into a Paradiſe by the bare Imagination of Women's *Virtues*. What cou'd *Adam* have done before his Fall without a Woman, or how have riſen after it? *Artificers* are wont in their laſt Works to excel; and God, when he had made all Things, made Man as moſt perfect; yet after him he created Woman, the expreſs

Image of Eternity, the lively Picture of Nature, the only Glaſs for Man to behold his Infirmities in, by comparing them with Women's Perfections. In ſhort, their ready Wit, their gentle Temper, their matchleſs Beauty; and all thoſe good Qualities, which move Men to Admire and Love them, ſufficiently prove their Superiority and Excellency.

I am enter'd into ſo large a Field, that I ſhall rather want Time, than Proof, to clear my Aſſertions; but I fear I ſhall infect Women with Pride, which as yet they have not; and Men with Spite, which I would not: For as the Horſe, if he knew his own Strength, would not be bridl'd; ſo Women, if they knew their own Excellency, I fear Men would never be able to gain them.

Lucilla began to ſmile, ſaying: Truly *Euphues*, you had beſt leave off where you are; for as the *Sun*, when it is come to its full Height, begins to go down; ſo you, having prais'd *Women* to the higheſt, if you leave not, muſt ſoon deſcend. But *Euphues* anſwer'd, No, no, *Lucilla*. - - - Whilſt he was yet ſpeaking, *Ferardo* enter'd, whom they all dutifully welcom'd Home. He, whiſpering *Philautus* in the Ear, deſired him to accompany him immediately, promiſing it ſhould be for his Preferment and Profit.

Philautus conſenting, *Ferardo* ſaid to his Daughter:

Lucilla, the urgent Affairs I have in hand, will ſcarce ſuffer me to tarry with you one Hour; yet my Return, I hope, will be ſo ſhort, that my Abſence ſhall breed no Sorrow. In the mean time, I commit all Things to your Care, deſiring you to uſe your accuſtom'd Civility. And ſeeing I muſt take *Philautus* with me, I will be ſo bold

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to deſire you, Sir, his Friend, to ſupply his Room, hoping you'll take this for a hearty Welcome; and ſpend the Time of my Abſence in honeſt Recreation. And thus he left them.

Philautus knew well the Cauſe of his ſudden Departure, which was to redeem certain Lands that were mortgag'd in his Father's time to the Uſe of *Ferardo*; who, on that Condition, had before promis'd his Daughter in Marriage. But return we to *Euphues*, who was ſurpriz'd with incredible Joy at ſo fortunate an Event; for ſeeing his Rival depart, and *Ferardo* give him ſo friendly an Entertainment, he doubted not in time to get the Good-will of *Lucilla*; whom finding in a Place convenient, ſeparate from the Company, with a bold Courage, and comely Geſture, he began to accoſt in this mannner;

Madam, my Acquaintance being ſo little, I am afraid my Credit will be leſs; for commonly they are ſooneſt believ'd who are moſt belov'd, and they lik'd beſt whom we have known longeſt; nevertheleſs, a noble Mind ſuſpects none of Deceit without Cauſe, nor condemns any without Proof: Having therefore Knowledge of your noble Heart, I am in the greater Hope of good Fortune. So it is, Madam, that ever ſince I firſt ſaw you, ſuch a Storm has been rais'd in my Breaſt, that nothing can afford me Eaſe, unleſs you give ear to my Suit, and grant my Requeſt: For as the Hop, the Pole being never ſo high, grows to the End; ſo Affection, having ſeiz'd my Heart, ſecretly ſpreads itſelf into every Vein. 'Tis your Beauty (pardon my abrupt Boldneſs) Lady, that has taken every Part of me Priſoner, and brought me into this Diſtreſs: But ſeeing Women, if we praiſe them for their De-

ſerts, believe we flatter them to obtain our Deſire, I am here preſent to yield myſelf to ſuch Trial as you ſhall think fit.

Yet this will you commonly object to ſuch as ſerve you, that the Faith of Men, tho' warm in Words, cools in their Works; which, *Lucilla*, though ſufficient to reprove the Lightneſs of ſome, yet cannot convince others of Lewdneſs; neither ought the Conſtancy of all to be brought in queſtion for the Falſhood of a few. Though *Æneas* was too fickle to *Dido*, yet *Troylus* was too faithful to *Creſſida*: Though others have been falſe; yet, *Lucilla*, perſwade yourſelf *Euphues* will always be ſincere. But as the true Gold is tried by the Touch, ſo the loyal Heart of the faithful Lover is known by Trial; of which Trial, Madam, if you account *Euphues* worthy, aſſure yourſelf he is ready to offer himſelf a Sacrifice for your Sake, as you ſhall think proper to employ him in your Service. Neither does he deſire to be truſted 'till he is tried; nor asks he any thing but a kind Reception, 'till in time his Conſtancy is made manifeſt by his Actions. Thus, not blinded by light Affection, but dazl'd by your Virtues, and emboldned by your exceeding Civility; I have unfolded my entire Love, deſiring, now you have this good Opportunity, to give me ſo friendly an Anſwer as may be to my Comfort, and your Praiſe.

Lucilla, though ſhe was contented to hear this deſir'd Profeſſion, yet ſhe ſeem'd ſomewhat diſpleas'd. And truly, I know not whether it be peculiar to the Sex to diſſemble moſt where they like beſt; or whether they commonly ſeem to ſlight that outwardly which inwardly they moſt deſire. She wiſely conſider'd, that to yield at

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the firſt Aſſault, wou'd make her appear light; to reject him with Scorn, wou'd be accounted Rudeneſs: Therefore not to embolden him by too eaſy a Belief, nor to cauſe him to deſpair through too great Preciſeneſs, whene'er ſhe gave him grounds to hope, ſhe rais'd ſtill Difficulties to keep him in ſuſpence: But at laſt, after arguing wittily together, they came to ſuch an Agreement as wou'd not have been very pleaſing to *Philautus* had he been preſent. And thus it was ſhe anſwered him: Sir, my giving ear to your Diſcourſe may convince me of Idleneſs, and my anſwering ſuch Toys cauſe my Conduct to be called in queſtion; yet had I refuſed the one, you wou'd have accuſed me of Incivility; and ſhould I not do the laſt, my Silence might be taken for Conſent. Believe me, nothing could be more unacceptable to me than this Declaration of your Love, which has made my Ears tingle, and highly incenſed my Anger: You, who came to *Naples* a Stranger, and have been welcomed to my Father's Houſe as a Friend, can you ſo far tranſgreſs the Bounds of Gratitude and good Manners, as to ſolicite a Suit, as unwelcome to me as Death? I have hitherto lived without Suſpicion of Lightneſs, and can you think me now ſo eaſy to be enſnared by Lewdneſs? What Hope can you have to obtain my Love, when I never afforded you a good Look? But, ſuch is the Vanity and Perverſeneſs of your Sex, that if we give you a civil and friendly Countenance, we are in Love, and would decoy you; if we look angry and are diſpleaſed, then Women are to be read backwards, for it is only a forced Reſervedneſs to entice you to the Purſuit; if we liſten to your Tale, we are half

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won; if we refuſe to hear it, 'tis to heighten your Deſire: Thus all our Actions are to be interpreted to your Fancy; every Motion of the Body, or Turn of the Head, every innocent Smile, or unthoughtful Sigh, a dull Look, or a chearful Countenance; (nay, ſo ſelf-conceited are Men of their own Worth, and ſo certain of Women's Blindneſs) that in ſhort, all that we do or ſay, is lookt upon as an infallible Token, and undeniable Sign of our Love to, and Jealouſy of them.

Yet I am not angry, *Euphues*, if your Love be ſincere, becauſe (as I have heard) 'tis not in the Power of Mortals to reſiſt its Motions; and if ſo, you are not to be blamed, but pitied; But I rather believe you diſſemble to deceive me, not that I am ignorant of my own Beauty, but becauſe I perceive we poor Women are often betray'd by our own Credulity, and Men are from their Cradles practiſed in Deceit. The Spider, who weaves Webs to catch Flies, ſeems to me an Emblem of your Sex, who are always laying Snares to entrap Women the weaker Veſſels. At your firſt Entrance I diſcerned your Love, though I diſſembled my Knowledge; I obſerved your wanton Glances, Sighs, and loving Signs, which made me bluſh for Shame, and look pale through Fear, leſt any ſhould perceive them: Theſe ſubtil Tricks, with the large Proffers of Service, and fair Promiſes of Fidelity, were ſufficient to move me, could any thing do it: But I have learnt, that all is not Gold that gliſters; your ardent Profeſſion, though ſeemingly ſincere, by how much the more artfull, may be ſo much the more dangerous. Add to theſe Things, your comely Features,

tures, fine Shape, and excellent Perfections, which are able to tempt a Mind half mortified, to tranſgreſs the Bounds of Maidenly Modeſty: But Heaven keep *Lucilla!* That thou ſhouldſt be ſo careleſs of thy Honour, as to commit the State thereof to a Stranger, in whom is no Truſt: What Truth can be found in Travellers? whoſe Words and Bodies wait but for a fair Wind; whoſe Faith, promiſed on Shore, turns to Perjury when the Sail is hoiſted. Who more traiterous to *Phillis* than *Demophoon*? yet he a Traveller: Who more perjur'd to *Dido* than *Æneas*? and he a Stranger. Is it likely then that *Euphues* will be faithful to *Lucilla*, being in *Naples* but a Sojourner? I have not yet forgot the Invective (I cannot term it any other) which you made againſt Beauty, calling it a deceitful Bait with a deadly Hook. Can you be ſo unwiſe to ſwallow what will cauſe you to expire? to deſire Beauty, which will be your Deſtruction? Learn, *Euphues*, by me, to deſpiſe thoſe Things which are amiable, to forſake vain Delights: Believe me it is Piety to abſtain from Pleaſure. You are not the firſt who has endeavour'd to ſeduce me; nor the moſt cunning in revealing your Paſſion, though the boldeſt in opening your Mind. You prefer my Love to your Eſtate or Life, and offer yourſelf a Sacrifice to prove your Sincerity: Should I not love you, I were ungrateful: Ungrateful I am not, yet love you I cannot, whoſe Fidelity I doubt. Beſides, I have not been uſed to the Court of *Cupid*, in which there are more Slights than Stars in the Heavens: And then the People here in *Naples* are always prying into their Neighbours Affairs, and continually cenſuring the Actions of their Children: Therefore

either diſſemble your Fancy, or deſiſt from your Folly: But why ſhould you deſiſt from the one, who can ſo well diſſemble the other, as to bear Faith in your Mouth, when Deceit lurks in your Heart; who pretend ſo much Love, when you are only enflamed with baſe Deſire.

You may, Sir, account me very cenſorius, thus haſtily to condemn you upon bare Suſpicion: True it is, I was never burnt my ſelf, that I ſhould dread the Fire; yet the Scorching others in the Flames of Fancy warns me to beware. Though I never found any faithleſs, to give me occaſion to ſuſpect you; yet have I read of many that have been perjur'd, which makes me cautious: Though I am able to convince none by Proof, yet am I reſolv'd to ſuſpect one upon Probability. Alas, we ſilly Creatures have neither Wit to decypher the Deſigns of Men, nor to diſſemble our Affections; neither Cunning to draw in young Lovers, nor Courage to withſtand their Encounters, who want Diſcretion to diſcern their Deceits, and hard Hearts to reject their Complaints. We, I ſay, are ſoon entic'd, being by Nature ſimple, and eaſily entangl'd, being too apt to receive the Impreſſions of Love. Where then is the Wonder, ſeeing the fleet *Dolphin* is allur'd with *Harmony*, that ſilly Women are entangl'd with the Melody of Men's Speeches, fair Promiſes, and ſolemn Proteſtations. But 'tis Folly in me to remark their treacherous Slights, ſince I am neither able, nor willing to mend their Manners. I ought rather to ſhew what our Sex ſhould do, than to expoſe the Vices of yours.

And ſince then I cannot, by Reaſon, reſtrain your importunate Suit, I will by rigorous Uſage to myſelf endeavour to abate your Paſſion. I wiſh

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Ferardo were in this Point like *Lyſander*, who ſuffer'd not his Daughters to wear gay Apparel, ſaying, it would rather make them common than comely: Or that it were in *Naples* a Law, which was a Cuſtom in *Ægypt*, for Women always to go barefoot, to the Intent they might keep at Home, like the Snail, which has his Houſe continually on his Back. I mean, ſo to mortify myſelf, that inſtead of Silks, I will wear Sackcloth; for Pearl, Necklaces of Amber; for fine Ribbon, Cadis; for the Lute, uſe the Diſtaff; for the Pen, the Needle: Not that I am ſo ſenſleſs, altogether to reject your Service; which were I perſwaded to proceed from a ſincere Heart, it ſhould not receive ſo cold a reply. And yet what greater Aſſurance can I have of your Truth, than your own Requeſt, which deſires a Trial? But the Bee, that has Honey in her Mouth, bears a Sting in her Tail; and the Words of Men, though they are ſmooth as Oil, yet are their Hearts as treacherous as the Crocadil. Condemn not me, *Euphues*, of Cruelty, becauſe I ſeek by Reaſon to aſſwage your Folly; but take this by the way, that though as yet I am diſpos'd to like none, yet whenever I think of Love, you ſhall not be forgot: In the mean time account me your Friend, for your Foe I will never be. *Euphues* was in a Quandary to hear this new Sort of Kindneſs; ſuch ſweet Meat, ſuch ſowre Sauce; ſuch fair Words, and faint Promiſes; ſuch hot Love, and cold Deſire; and ſtood like one turn'd into a Stone by *Meduſa*'s Head.

Lucilla, obſerving in what a Conſternation he was in, and fearing her cold Anſwer ſhould put an end to his Suit, took him by the Hand, and with a ſmiling Countenance, began thus to comfort him.

Methinks, *Euphues*, ſaid ſhe, ſeeing his pale Countenance, changing your Colour on the ſudden, you will ſoon alter your Mind; you ſeem in a deep Study. I believe, you are conſidering what Colours you had beſt wear to pleaſe your Lady. Indeed, *Lucilla*, you have a good Gueſs, for you have given me a true Lover's Knot, wrought of changeable Silk; and you ſuppoſe that I am thinking how I might have my Colours changeable, to match it: But let this, with ſuch Toys and Devices paſs; if you pleaſe to command me any Service, I am here ready to attend your Pleaſure. No Service, *Euphues*, but that you keep Silence, 'till I have utter'd my Mind; and Secrecy, when I have unfolded my Meaning. If I ſhould offend in the firſt, ſaid he, I were too rude; if in the latter, ungenerous.

Well then, *Euphues*, ſaid ſhe, ſo it is, that for the Hope I have of your Conſtancy, and the happy Succeſs that this our Love is like to meet with, I am content to yield you that Place in my Heart, you deſire and deſerve above all Perſons; which Conſent of mine, if it will any thing eaſe you, ſure I am it will pleaſe me: But as you either regard my Honour, or your own Safety, uſe ſuch Secreſy in this Matter, that my Father diſcover it not, before I have fram'd his Mind to our Purpoſe. And though Women have ſmall Force to overcome Men by Reaſon, yet you ſhall find they have the good Fortune to undermine them by Policy. Soft Drops of Rain pierce hard Marble; a ſilly Woman may in time make ſuch a Breach by her Tears in a Man's Heart, as to gain Entrance: Then doubt not but I will ſoon undermine my Father, and ſhortly enjoy my new Friend. *Philautus* was countenanced out of Gallantry,

try, but never truly lov'd? And this I vow by the Faith of a *Virgin*, and by the Love I bear you, (for greater Bonds to confirm my Vow, I have not) that I'll ſooner endure any thing, than my Father ſhall marry me to *Philautus*.

No, no, *Euphues*, you only have won me by Love, and ſhall wed me by Law: I value not *Philautus*'s Diſpleaſure, ſo I may have *Euphues*'s Friendſhip. Neither will I prefer his Poſſeſſions and Land, before your Perſon and Love. *Ferardo* ſhall ſooner diſinherit me, than diſhonour me in breaking my Promiſe. 'Tis not his Wealth that ſhall obtain me, but your good Manners: In token of which my ſincere Affections, I give you my Hand to aſſure you, my Heart ſhall ever be yours. To whom *Euphues* anſwer'd in this manner.

If my Tongue were able to utter the Joys that my Heart conceives, I fear, though I am well belov'd, I ſhould hardly gain credit: Ah, my *Lucilla!* how much am I bound to your generous Paſſion, which prefers my Unworthineſs before your Father's Will, my Happineſs before your own Fortune, my Love before your Life? How ſhall I be able to repay this Kindneſs, this unparallel'd Goodneſs? I find it now an undoubted Truth, which before I accounted idle Talk, that the *purple Dye will never ſtain*; that Beauty can never be blotted with Pride or Cruelty. As for Secrecy, reſt ſatisfied that I will not ſo much as whiſper it to myſelf: Had you but ſome Command to lay on *Euphues* to undertake any Enterprize, though ever ſo dangerous or deſperate, he would ſoon ſhow the Senſe he has of this Favour, and how little he values his own Life to ſerve you. As they were thus pleaſantly conferring,

ring, *Livia* (whom *Euphues* made his Pretence) enter'd the Parlour, to whom *Lucilla* ſpoke in theſe Words.

Do you not ſmile, *Livia*, to ſee my Ghoſtly Father keep me ſo long at Confeſſion? Truly (anſwer'd *Livia*) you ſeem to laugh at ſome pleaſant Conceit; either, I ſuppoſe, he's ſlow in enquiring into your Faults, or you ſlack in anſwering his Queſtions: And thus, being Suppertime, they all ſat down, *Lucilla* well pleas'd, and *Euphues* content; who, after Supper, wanting Opportunity to confer of his Love, had no great Deſire to continue longer with them: Seeing therefore he could frame no Means to give himſelf Delight, he feign'd an Excuſe to haſten his Departure, promiſing next Morning to trouble them again as a Gueſt more bold than welcome.

Ferardo as he went Poſt, ſo he return'd in Haſt, having concluded with *Philautus*, that the Marriage ſhould be immediately conſummated: This wrought ſuch Content in him, that he was almoſt in an Extaſy through the Violence of his Paſſion. Such is the Force of Pleaſure, and Expectation of Fruition. Yet knowing that Delays breed Dangers; though he nothing doubted *Lucilla*, whom he lov'd; yet he fear'd the Ficklenes of old Men, which is always to be miſtruſted.

He urg'd therefore *Ferardo* to break the Matter to his Daughter; who, willing to have the Match made, and finding her at Leiſure, being acquainted with her former Love, ſpoke as follows.

Dear Daughter, as you have long liv'd a Maiden, ſo now muſt you learn to be a Mother; and

as

as I have been careful to bring you up a Virgin, ſo am I now deſirous to make you a Wife. Neither need I uſe any great Perſwaſions; for commonly, now-a-days, Maidens begin pretty ſoon to Bride it; nor to offer any great Dowry, you being Heireſs to all I have. My chief Care hitherto has been to match you with one of competent Wealth, to live genteel; of honeſt Conditions, to deſerve your Love; and an *Italian* born, to enjoy your Lands. At laſt I have found a Perſon anſwerable to my Deſire: A *Gentleman* of great Revenues, of noble *Anceſtors*, of honeſt Behaviour, of comely Perſonage, born and bred in *Naples*; *Philautus* (your Friend, as I gueſs) your Husband, if you like him: But you can not diſlike him, who wants nothing that ſhould cauſe your Liking, or has any thing that ſhould breed your Averſion. I ſhall rejoice to ſee you joined with him in Marriage, whom you have lov'd, as I heard, in your Heart; for no Jars can be kindl'd between thoſe whoſe Minds are united, or Jealouſy ariſe where Love has been ſo long ſettl'd. Therefore, *Lucilla*, that the Deſire of both may be accompliſh'd to your mutual Joy, I am here come to finiſh the Contract by joining of Hands, which you have already begun by Union of Hearts; that as Heaven witneſſes the one by your Conſciences, ſo the World may teſtify the other by your Converſations. And therefore, *Lucilla*, make ſuch an Anſwer to my Requeſt as may pleaſe me, and ſatisfy your Friend.

Lucilla, daſh'd with this ſudden Speech of her Father, yet embolden'd by the Love of her new Friend, with a comely Baſhfulneſs, anſwer'd him in this manner.

Reverend

Reverend, Sir, the Sweetneſs I have found in the innocent State of a ſingle life, cauſes me to dread the ſowre Sauce which is mix'd with Matrimony; and the quiet Life I have enjoy'd, being a Maiden, makes me ſhun the Cares are incident to a Mother: Neither am I ſo wedded to the World, as to be mov'd with great Poſſeſſions; or ſo bewitch'd with Wantonneſs, to be entic'd with any Man's Shape: Nor were I ſo diſpos'd, would I be ſo proud to deſire one of noble Anceſtors, or ſo preciſe to chooſe one only in my own Country; becauſe theſe Things often happen on the contrary. See we not the Noble match with the Baſe, the Rich with the Poor, the *Italian* with the *Portugueſe*? As Love knows no Laws, ſo it regards no Conditions; as the Lover makes no Pauſe where he likes, ſo he values not theſe idle Ceremonies. Is *Philautus* the Man who promiſes himſelf ſuch Kindneſs at my hands, and ſuch a Favour at your's, as to account me his Wife before he ask'd me the Queſtion; he is likely to reckon twice, becauſe he conſulted not his Hoſteſs. Certainly he believes himſelf Maſter of ſingular Wiſdom to perſwade, or me very eaſy to be won. Though the Loadſtone draws Iron, it cannot move Gold; though *Philautus* thinks he has Eloquence to move his Love, he ſhall not obtain *Lucilla*. I can't but ſmile to hear that a Marriage ſhould be ſo ſolemniz'd, where no mention of Aſſurance has been; and that the Wooing ſhould be a Day after the Wedding.

If when I look'd pleaſant on *Philautus*, he thought me in Love with him, or ſeeing me diſpos'd to jeſt, he took it in earneſt; then indeed he might gather ſome hopes of my Love, but no Promiſe. Methinks, it is reaſonable I ſhould be bid to my own Wedding; and not

be

be given in the *Church* before I know the *Bridegroom.* Therefore, my dear *Father*, in my Opinion, as there can be no Bargain where both are not agreed, ſo no Marriage lawfull where one of the Parties forbids the Banns. But I will hereafter frame my ſelf to be coy, ſeeing I am claim'd for a Wife becauſe I have been courteous; and give my ſelf to Melancholy, ſince I am accounted won, becauſe I have been a little merry. If every Gentleman be of the Metal *Philautus* is, then I fear I ſhall be challeng'd a common Wife to all that have reſorted hither.

My Duty therefore ever reſerv'd, I here on my Knees forſwear *Philautus* for my Husband, though I accept him as my Friend; for I am not diſpoſed to marry with any; but, if by your Fatherly Love I ſhall be compell'd, ſuffer me to chooſe ſuch a one as I may like, and you approve of.

Ferardo, who was a grave and wiſe Gentleman, though throughly angry, yet diſſembled his Paſſion, that by Cunning he might diſcover her Fancy: He whiſper'd *Philautus*, who ſtood like one Thunder-ſtruck, deſiring him to keep Silence 'till he had ſifted her Meaning; which having promis'd, *Ferardo* began thus.

Lucilla, your Colour ſhews your Anger, and your hot Words diſcover your Paſſion; but be patient, for all my Talk was only to try you: I am neither ſo unnatural to force you againſt your Will, nor ſo barbarous to wed you againſt your Inclinations; for well I know what Jars, what Jealouſies, what Strife, what Storms enſue, where the Matth is made rather by the Compulſion of the Parents, than Conſent of Parties: Nor

can I like you the leſs, for liking *Philautus* ſo little; nor *Philautus* love you the worſe, for your loving your ſelf ſo well; wiſhing you rather to ſtand to your own Chance, than to the Choice of any other. But this diſpleaſes me moſt, that you ſeem almoſt vow'd to the vain Order of the *Veſtal Virgins*, deſpiſing, or at leaſt not deſiring the ſacred Bonds of *Wedlock*. Weigh with your ſelf what ſlender Profit they bring to the Commonwealth, what ſlight Pleaſure to themſelves, what great Grief to their Parents, who joy moſt in their Offspring, and deſire moſt to be honour'd with a noble and promiſing Iſſue.

Therefore, *Lucilla*, if you would be a Comfort to my grey Hairs, or profitable to the Commonwealth, frame your ſelf to that honourable State of Matrimony, which is approv'd of by Heaven, allow'd of by the graveſt Philoſophers, hallowed by our Prieſts, and commended of all Perſons. If you like any one, tell me who: I deſire you, and as much as in me lies, command you to love one: If he is baſe, your Blood ſhall make him noble; if beggarly, your Goods ſhall make him wealthy; if a Stranger, your Freedom ſhall enfranchiſe him; if he be young, he is the more fit to be your Companion; if old, the more like your aged Father: Be bold therefore to make me Partner of your Deſire, who muſt partake of your good or bad Fortune, and who am ready to gratify you as far as my Lands, my Friends, or my Life will contribute.

Lucilla, perceiving the Drift of her Father, conſider'd with her ſelf what was beſt to be done: At laſt, not weighing his ill Will, but encourag'd

by her Love, ſhap'd him an Anſwer, (which pleas'd *Ferardo* but little, and pinch'd hard on *Philautus*'s ſide) and thus it was:

Dear Father; Though I ſee the Bait you lay to catch me, yet am I content to ſwallow the Hook; neither are you more deſirous to take me napping, than I to confeſs my Meaning. So it is, that Love has as well entangled me as others; neither is he ſo mean, or ſo contemptible I love, that I ſhould be aſhamed of his Name, or my own Choice. 'Tis *Euphues*, who arriv'd here lately at *Naples*, that has batter'd the Bulwarks of my Breaſt, and ſhall ſhortly poſſeſs my Boſom as Conqueror. What his Wealth is, I neither know it, nor weigh it; What his Wit is, all *Naples* knows, and wonders at it. I have not been ſo curious to enquire his Birth, becauſe I am certain that nothing leſs than a noble Anceſtor could be the Original of ſo brave a Mind: For as no Bird can look on the Sun, but thoſe bred of the Eagle; ſo no Man can have ſuch excellent Qualities, except deſcended of a noble Race. And I hope *Philautus* will not become my Foe, for chooſing his dear Friend; neither you, Father, diſpleas'd becauſe I prefer him to *Philautus*. You need not wonder I ſhould ſo ſuddenly be caught; Love gives no Reaſon for his Choice, neither will it ſuffer any Repulſe: *Myrrha* was enamour'd of her natural Father, *Biblis* of her Brother, *Phædra* of her Son-in-law: If Nature is not of Force to reſiſt the Fury of Affection, how ſhould it be ſtaid by Wiſdom? Here *Ferardo* interrupted her, being inwardly mov'd with great Anger; yet wiſely conſidering, that ſharp Words but whet a froward Mind, he anſwer'd her thus:

Lucilla, as I am not preſently to grant my Conſent, ſo mean I not to reprehend you for your Choice; yet Wiſdom forces me to pauſe, 'till I have conſider'd what may happen, and warn'd you to be circumſpect, leſt your too haſty Reſolve bring a ſharp Repentance. As for you, *Philautus*, I would not have you deſpair, ſeeing a Woman's Fancy often changes. To whom *Philautus* anſwer'd in few Words:

Certainly, *Ferardo*, I am the leſs griev'd, becauſe I ſee her ſo earneſt for *Euphues*; and the more willing am I to leave my Suit, by how much the more ſhe ſeems to diſdain my Service: As for Hope, I will not by any Means think of it, but will abjure all Places of her Abode, and loath her Company, whoſe Countenance I have ſo much lov'd. As for *Euphues*—— and there ſtaying his Speech, he flung out of Doors, and repairing to his Lodging, utter'd theſe Words:

Ah, moſt diſſembling Wretch, *Euphues*! O deceitful Companion! Could you, under the colour of ſtedfaſt Friendſhip, cloak the Malice of a treacherous Foe? Is thy *Livia* turn'd to my *Lucilla*? Is this the Courteſy of *Athens*, the Tricks of *Scholars*, the Cunning of *Grecians*? Could you not remember, *Philautus*, that *Greece* is never without ſome crafty *Ulyſſes*, never void of ſome *Synon*, never to ſeek for a Deceiver? Is it not commonly ſaid of the *Grecians*, that Craft comes to them by Nature, that they learn to deceive in the Cradle? Why then did his pretended Courteſy bewitch you with ſuch Credulity? But, ſhall my good Will be the Cauſe of his ill Will? Or, becauſe I was content to be his Friend, did he think me fit

to be made his Fool? I ſee, *Euphues*, you, who, at the firſt beginning of our Familiarity, was very zealous, are now at laſt become moſt faithleſs.

But why rather exclaim I not againſt *Lucilla*, whoſe wanton Looks, decoying Expreſſions, and enticing Behaviour, caus'd *Euphues* to violate his promis'd Faith? Had I not been blinded with too great a Confidence in her Sincerity, I might have diſcerned her Deceitfulneſs, who cunningly ſeemed not to like him, but only entertain'd him in reſpect to me. Ah, wretched Woman! can you be ſo light in Love, as to change with every Wind? ſo inconſtant as to prefer a new Lover before an old Friend? like the Men of *Scyrum*, who pull up the old Trees when they ſee the young begin to ſpring; and not unlike the *Widow* of *Lesbos*, who chang'd all her old Gold for new Glaſs. Have I ſerv'd you three Years faithfully, and am I dealt with ſo unkindly? Shall my Conſtancy be rewarded with Diſdain? — But unleſs *Euphues* had inveigled her, ſhe had ſtill been conſtant: But if *Euphues* had not found her willing to be won, he would never have woo'd her: *Euphues* entic'd her with fair Words, or ſhe would never have lov'd him: But had not ſhe given him fair Looks, he would never have lik'd her: Ay, but *Euphues* began firſt: But *Lucilla* gave the Encouragement. Tuſh, why endeavour I to excuſe either of them, ſeeing I have juſt Cauſe to condemn both: Neither ought I to diſpute which has done me moſt Injury: Yet though they have found me dull in diſcerning their Falſhood, they ſhall not find me ſlow in revenging it. As for *Lucilla*, ſeeing I deſign

to forget her, I mean alſo to forgive her, leſt, in ſeeking how to be reveng'd, I renew my old Deſire.

Philautus having thus diſcours'd with himſelf, began to write to *Euphues* as follows.

Philautus to *Euphues.*

Though hitherto, *Euphues*, I have hugg'd you in my Boſom as a ſincere Friend, I ſhall now ſhun you as a treacherous Enemy; becauſe I find that, under a Shew of Friendſhip, you have baſely deceiv'd me.

How could you, for the Love of a fruitleſs Pleaſure, violate that ſacred League? Are the enticing Looks of a lewd Wanton more worthy your Eſteem than the faithful Love of a loyal Friend? If you deſign'd to deceive me ſo baſely, why did you make ſo many diſſembling Proteſtations of Fidelity? If you were reſolv'd to be true at firſt, why did you prove falſe at laſt? Know you not that a perfect Friend ſhould be like the Glow-worm, which ſhines brighteſt in the Dark; or the pureſt Frankincenſe, which ſmells ſweeteſt in the Fire? But you, *Euphues*, rather reſemble the *Swallow*, which in the Summer creeps under the Roof of every Houſe, and in the Winter leaves nothing but Dirt behind her; or the Humble *Bee*, which, having ſuck'd Honey out of the fair Flower, leaves it, and loaths it.

But what have you to boaſt of? You have loſt a truſty Friend, to gain a fickle Lady. Do you vainly hope to find Conſtancy in her, whoſe Lightneſs you have experienc'd?

Do

Do you think, *Euphues*, that your Subtilty in betraying me, would abate my Courage in revenging ſuch Baſeneſs? Or that a Gentleman of *Naples* will put up ſuch an Injury at the Hands of a Scholar? Yet if I do, it is not for want of Valour to maintain the Juſtneſs of my Quarrel, but of Will, which ſcorns to ſtoop to ſo poor a Conqueſt. *Menelaus* endur'd the Fatigue of ten Years War, and at laſt won but a Strumpet for his Labour, and reduc'd, but not reclaim'd a Straggler; which, in my Opinion, was no better than ſtriving for a broken Glaſs. I wiſh you rather *Menelaus*'s Care, than myſelf his Conqueſt.

Since, therefore, no greater Revenge can befal you than for another to threſh where you have reap'd, I wiſh that as you made no Conſcience to betray me, ſo others may think it no Diſhoneſty to deceive you; that as *Lucilla* eſteem'd it no Crime to forſwear her old Friend *Philautus*, ſo ſhe may make it her Delight to forſake her new Friend *Euphues*: Which if it come to paſs, as likely it may, you'll ſee the Troubles, and feel the Torments which you have already brought upon me.

Thus, expecting ſhortly to ſee you as hopeleſs as myſelf unfortunate, I wiſh my Deſire were as effectually accompliſh'd as 'tis heartily look'd for: And ſo I leave you.

Philautus.

Philautus, diſpatching a Meſſenger with this Letter, went into the Fields to divert his Melancholy Thoughts: The mean while *Euphues*, reading the Contents, laughs at his Complaints, and anſwers him in theſe, or the like Terms.

Euphues

Euphues to *Philautus.*

I remember how valiantly *Ajax* boaſted in the Feats of Arms, yet *Ulyſſes* bore away the Armour; and, it may be, though you brag of your own Courage, you may loſe the Field.

Do you ſuppoſe *Euphues* ſo cowardly, that he dares not anſwer a Challenge?

But prithee be eaſy, and proclaim not to all the World your own Folly, who introduc'd another to ſee your Miſtreſs, and gain'd him the Countenance of her Father: You will be more derided for your Stupidity, than I condemn'd for Treachery. Neither am I aſham'd of what I have done; for I am of *Euripides*'s Mind, *Philautus*, who thought it lawful for the obtaining a Kingdom, to break the Bonds of Honeſty, and for the Love of a Lady, to violate, and break the Bonds of Friendſhip.

The Friendſhip between Man and Man, is common, fickle, and inconſtant; between Man and Woman, brave, firm, and laſting; the one proceeds of the Similitude of the Manners, the other from the Sincerity of the Heart. Be more wiſe for the future, and remember that the firſt Part of Hawking is to hold faſt.

You can no more blame me of Folly for leaving you to love *Lucilla*, than him, who, having a Sparrow in his Hand, lets it go to catch the Pheaſant; or the Woman, who, having a dead Roſe in her Boſom, throws it away to gather a freſh Violet. *Love knows no Laws.* Did not *Jupiter* transform himſelf into the Shape of *Amphitrion*, to enjoy *Alcmena*? Did not *Apollo* convert himſelf into a Shepherd, a Bird, a Lion, that he

he might heal his Diſeaſe? If the Gods did not ſcorn to bear the Shape of Beaſts to obtain their Loves, ſhall *Euphues* be ſo nice as not to diſſemble for his Lady? No, no, he that cannot diſſemble in Love, is not worthy to win his Miſtreſs. In condemning *Lucilla* of Lightneſs, you diſcover your Want of Wit; for you know that the Clown's Garlick cannot eaſe the Courtier's Malady ſo well as the pure Treacle: That *Euphues*, being a daintier Morſel than *Philautus*, ought to be better eſteem'd of. As for Revenge, you are not ſo able to give a Blow as I to ward it; nor more bold to challenge, than I valiant to anſwer it.

Lucilla, as ſhe was gain'd by Cunning, ſo ſhall ſhe be kept by Force; and as you were too ſimple to diſcern my Deſigns, ſo I believe you will be too weak to withſtand my Courage.

And if your Revenge reach no farther than a Wiſh, you will never live to obtain your Deſire. Farewel.

Euphues.

This Letter being ſent, *Philautus* read it; who, diſdaining *Euphues*'s ſcornful Anſwer, diſdain'd alſo to reply.

Euphues, having for a time abſented himſelf from the Houſe of *Ferardo*, becauſe he was at Home, long'd to ſee *Lucilla*; which now Opportunity offer'd him, *Ferardo* being gone again to *Venice* with *Philautus*: But during his Abſence, one *Curio*, a Gentleman of *Naples*, of little Wealth and leſs Wit, haunted *Lucilla*'s Company, and ſo inchanted her, that *Euphues* was alſo caſt off with *Philautus*; which being unknown to him, caus'd him to repair the ſooner to the Preſence of her,

whom he found muſing by herſelf, and thus ſaluted her:

Madam, though my long Abſence might cauſe you to be angry, becauſe Lovers deſire nothing more than frequent Meetings; yet, I hope, my Preſence will obtain my Pardon, for Lovers are ſoon pleas'd when poſſeſs'd of what they deſire. My not coming before, was occaſion'd by your Father's being continually at Home, whoſe Frowns ſeem to threaten my ill Fortune. I hope my Company is the more acceptable for waiting upon you the firſt Opportunity.

To which, *Lucilla* made this ſharp Reply:

Truly, Sir, you're miſtaken; I was neither angry at your long Abſence, nor am I pleas'd at your Preſence; the one gave me Hopes I ſhould ſee you no more, the other encreaſes my Diſpleaſure.

Euphues, ſurpriz'd at ſo unexpected an Anſwer, with a pale Countenance, as though his Soul had forſaken his Body, reply'd thus:

If this ſudden Change, *Lucilla*, proceeds from any Jealouſy of me, I am here ready to clear myſelf, or ask Pardon for my Crime if it can be prov'd: If of any new Motion of your Mind, I am rather to lament your Inconſtancy, than revenge it; but, I hope, that ſuch fervent Love cannot ſo ſoon cool, nor ſuch Faith be rewarded with ſuch ſudden Scorn.

Lucilla, not aſham'd to confeſs her Folly, anſwer'd him in theſe Words:

Sir, Whether your Fault, or my Deſire has wrought this Change, ſignifies little; neither do I crave Amends, or fear Revenge: As for fervent Love, you know the ſtrongeſt Affection is weakned by Reaſon. Take this therefore for a ſufficient Anſwer, That I Reſpect you not.

Indeed,

Indeed, ſaid *Euphues*, to know the Cauſe of your Alteration, would be of little Service, ſeeing your Antipathy is ſo ſtrong.

I have heard Women are either fond in their Love, or mortal in their Hatred; and ſince I perceive plainly I am not the Object of the firſt, 'tis paſt Doubt I am the Mark of the latter.

This Change will cauſe *Philautus* to deride me, and give others Occaſion to condemn your Inconſtancy. I was ſo throughly confident of your Fidelity, that I ſpared not in all Places to blazon your Virtues; but now I ſhall be accounted a Liar, you a fickle Wanton.

Nay, reply'd *Lucilla*, now cannot you laugh at *Philautus*, having been caught in the ſame Snare; 'tis a great Comfort, *Euphues*, to have a Companion in Miſery. I doubt not but you will both conſpire to revenge your ſelves on me, but I value not your Malice: They who account you a Liar for praiſing me, will account you unwiſe for loving me; and as you thought it lawful to deceive your Friend, none will blame me for deceiving you, but rather think you deſerv'd no better for your Treachery.

Then I perceive, *Lucilla*, ſaid he, that both *Philautus* and myſelf were only banter'd for Diverſion. I own I have wrong'd him, though no ways injur'd you; neither will my Deceitfulneſs to my Friend excuſe your Fickleneſs towards me. To obtain your Favour, I refuſed his Friendſhip; but ſeeing another has won what we have both loſt, I ſhall not grieve for one ſo falſe and wavering.

Indeed *Euphues*, ſaid *Lucilla*, you ſpend your Breath in vain: Fancy gives no Reaſon for her Change; I have choſen one, I muſt needs con-

feſs, not to be compared to either of you in Birth, Wit, or Fortune.

Well *Lucilla*, anſwer'd *Euphues*, if Length of Time had produced this Alteration, my Grief had been more tolerable, and your Inconſtancy more excuſable; but coming in a Moment, unlook'd for, and undeſerved, encreaſes my Sorrow and your Shame.

Euphues, ſaid ſhe, you but angle for the Fiſh that's already caught: *Curio* is the Perſon that has gain'd my Heart, and ſhall have my Life at his Command. As to Changing, *Helen* and *Cornelia* ſhew, that our Affection depends not on our Free Will; then am I rather to be pitied than condemned. Therefore, good *Euphues*, cheer up your Heart, for Time may come when you may be in Favour again.

Nay *Lucilla*, ſaid he, to angle for the Fiſh that is caught, is meer Folly; and if *Curio* be the Perſon, I wiſh you no greater Torment; not but that I think him worthy of you, and you unworthy of him; for though he is in Body deform'd, in Mind fooliſh, an Innocent born, and a Beggar by Misfortune, yet deſerves he a better than you are, whoſe fickle Temper is fram'd only to deceive.

You plead the Examples of others, to juſtify your own Treachery; *Cornelia* lov'd a Miller, you a Miſer: Can her Folly excuſe your Crime? *Helen* of *Greece*, my Countrywoman by Birth, your's by Profeſſion, chang'd and rechang'd as Fancy mov'd her; but ſhall her Wantonneſs encourage you to be lewd? Why then do you not frequent the Stews, becauſe *Lais* did? Theſe are ſet down that we, ſeeing their Incontinence, may avoid ſuch Vices, and not follow the ſame Exceſs.

Merry

Merry I will be as far as I can; but if I may hereafter obtain your Favour, I will not accept it: Therefore farewel, *Lucilla*, the moſt inconſtant *Naples* ever bred; farewel, *Naples*, the moſt curſed Town in all *Italy*; and WOMEN all, farewel!

Thus *Euphues* left her; and returning to his Lodging, being very melancholy, he began to recount his Misfortunes in this Manner:

Ah, *Euphues*, in what ſudden Miſery art thou wrapp'd? What Afflictions haſt thou brought upon thy ſelf? I fear that thy Grief will ſend thee to the Grave; but 'tis no more than thou deſerveſt for thy Treachery: Yet why ſhould I torment myſelf for one in whom is neither Fervency, nor Conſtancy? *O counterfeit Love of Women! O inconſtant Sex!* —— I have loſt *Philautus*, I have loſt *Lucilla*; I have loſt that I ſhall hardly ever find again, a faithful Friend. Ah fooliſh *Euphues*, why did you leave *Athens*, the Nurſery of Wiſdom, to inhabit *Naples*, the Encourager of Vice? Would it not have been more advantageous to have ſearch'd after Knowledge with the Philoſophers in *Greece*, than to have purſued Wantonneſs with the Courtiers in *Italy*?

But ſee the Folly of Youth, who always incline to Pleaſure: I forſook my old Companions for new Friends: I rejected the grave and fatherly Counſel of *Eubulus*, to follow the whimſical Humours of my own Brain: I addicted my ſelf wholly to Women, and ſpent my Life in the Laps of Ladies; my Wealth in the Maintenance of Gallantry, and a gay Appearance; my Wit in the Vanity of Sonnets: I thought Women had been like Men, that is *Faithful, Conſtant, Zealous*; but I perceive them *Falſe, Jealous, and Inconſtant*: I was half perſwaded they were compoſed

poſed of the Perfections of Men; but I find they are infected with the Poiſon of the Serpent.

Phyſicians account it dangerous to adminiſter Phyſick to one that has a cold Stomach, and a hot Liver, leſt in giving Warmth to one, they enflame the other; ſo is it hard to deal with Women (whoſe Words ſeem fervent, when their Hearts are congealed like Ice) leſt, truſting to their outward Appearance, we ſhould be enſnared by their Treachery.

Now will I to *Athens*, there converſe with Books, and ſtay no longer in *Naples* to gaze on the fair Faces of deceitful Women.

O the hidden Secrets of Nature! the expreſs Image of Moral Virtue! the equal Balances of Juſtice! the Medicines to cure all Diſeaſes! how they begin to delight me. The Axioms of *Ariſtotle*, the Maxims of *Juſtinian*, the Aphoriſms of *Galen*, have made ſuch a Breach in my Mind, that I ſeem only to love what before I deſpiſed.

What Thing ſo precious as Wit, if ſpent in the honeſt Study of Learning? If in the idle Trade of Love, what more pernicious? The Truth has been experienc'd by me, whom Nature having endued with a little Wit, I have abuſed it by a headſtrong obſtinate Temper; there is nothing but becomes ſtark naught by a wrong Application.

Does not Wine, taken immoderately, foul the Stomach, enflame the Liver, and ſhorten the Life of the Drunkard? Is not Poiſon taken out of the Honey-Suckle by the Spider, Venom out of the Roſe by the Canker? So the greateſt Wickedneſs is drawn out of the ſharpeſt Wit, if it be govern'd by Wilfulneſs, entangled with the World, or enticed by Women.

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As therefore I gave a Farewel to *Lucilla*, a Farewel to *Naples*, a Farewel to all Women; ſo now I give a Farewel to the World. Books henceforward ſhall be my Companions: Amongſt them I'll rather chooſe to paſs my Life in ſerious Contemplation, than court the Company of the brighteſt Ladies in *Italy*, and pine for Love.

Euphues, having thus debated with himſelf, went to Bed: The mean while *Ferardo* was return'd Home; who, having heard this ſtrange Event, was not a little troubled, being now more deſirous to perſwade *Lucilla* from the Love of *Curio*, than before to the Liking of *Philautus*: Therefore, with watry Eyes, and a Heart full of Sorrow, he began to reaſon with his Daughter in this Manner:

Lucilla, (Daughter I am aſham'd to call you, who have neither Regard to your Father's tender Affection, nor to your own Reputation) what moves you thus every Minute to change your Mind? I have long hoped to find you a Comfort in my old Age; but, alas! I ſee you have neither Wit nor Will to act diſcreetly, neither Care of your Honour or good Fame.

Now do you bring to my Remembrance your Mother's Death, who truly propheſied in her Life; for ſhe would often ſay, Your Beauty would prove a Snare, and you had too great Indulgence to make a careful Houſewife. Is this the Comfort Parents receive for all their Care? Is Obſtinacy paid for Obedience, Stubbornneſs inſtead of Duty?

Shall *Curio* enjoy the Fruits of my Labour, inherit the Patrimony of my Anceſtors, who has neither Wiſdom to encreaſe them, nor Wit to keep them. O *Lucilla*, *Lucilla!* would you were either

either leſs fair, or more fortunate; of meaner Birth, or a greater Credit to your Family; either more wiſe in your Choice, or out of the World.

Ah, *Lucilla!* little do you know the Care of a Father, or the Duty of a Child: Thou art as far from Piety, as I am from Cruelty. I ſeek your Proſperity, you ingratefully endeavour to break my Heart: But why ſhould I blame you, who am myſelf the Cauſe? I have made you a Wanton, and you make me a Fool: It is common to ſee Fathers too fond, and Children too ſtubborn.

The Tears, *Lucilla*, which you ſee trickle down my Cheeks, are nothing to the Drops of Blood which you cannot perceive, that, falling from my Heart, force me to end my Diſcourſe: But if you have any Duty as a Child, Care as a Friend, or Humility as a reaſonable Creature, eaſe your Father of this Grief, and acquit yourſelf of Ingratitude; otherwiſe you will haſten my Death, and encreaſe your own Infamy, which will prove my Gain, and your Loſs.

Lucilla, either ſo bewitch'd that ſhe could not relent, or ſo obſtinate ſhe would not, anſwer'd him in this Manner:

Dear Father, as you deſire I ſhould ſhew the Duty of a Daughter, ſo ought you to ſhow the Care of a Parent; as the one conſiſts in Obedience, ſo the other ſhould be grounded on Reaſon: You would have me, if I owe you any Duty, to leave *Curio*; and I deſire you, if you owe me any Love, to let me enjoy him: If you accuſe me of Undutifulneſs, I alſo may condemn you of Unkindneſs. You object *Curio*'s Unworthineſs; but it is *the Eye of the Maſter fattens the Horſe*, and

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the Love of the Woman makes the Man. To give Reaſon for Fancy, were to weigh the Fire, and meaſure the Wind.

If you are angry becauſe I am pleas'd, then may I believe you would be glad to ſee me dead; if my Delight be your Pain, you are a cruel Father, I an unfortunate Child: But, good Sir, let me have my own Choice, and take my Fortune; otherwiſe you will occaſion intolerable Grief to me, and great Trouble to yourſelf.

Ferardo, ſeeing his Daughter had neither any Regard of her Honour, nor to his Requeſt, conceiv'd ſuch inward Grief, as ſhortly after put an end to his Days. *Lucilla* was left ſole Heireſs of his Lands, and *Curio* poſſeſs'd them; but what became of her, is nothing to the Hiſtory of *Euphues*, and therefore ſuperfluous to inſert.

Philautus having had Intelligence of *Euphues*'s Succeſs, and the Falſhood of *Lucilla*, though he was pleas'd that ſhe had prov'd inconſtant to him; yet conſidering her Fickleneſs, he lamented her Folly, and pitied his Friend's Misfortune; believing it rather her light Behaviour that had drawn him from his Fidelity, than any Deſign of Treachery.

Euphues and *Philautus* having had Conference between themſelves, accuſing each other of Unkindneſs, but chiefly remarking the Wavering Temper of *Lucilla*, after much Talk, renewed their old Friendſhip.

Philautus was deſirous to have *Euphues* tarry in *Naples*, and *Euphues* earneſtly intreated *Philautus* to accompany him to *Athens*; but the one was ſo addicted to the Court, the other ſo wedded to the Univerſity, that each refuſed the Proffer of the other; yet both agreed, that neither Di-

ſtance of Place, Length of Time, or Change of Air, ſhould break the Union of their Hearts.

I, for my part, ſaid *Euphues*, to confirm this League, give you my Hand and Heart; ſo likewiſe ſaid *Philautus*: And then ſhaking Hands, they bid farewel.

Euphues, before his Departure, convey'd into his Friend's Study a Pamphlet, which he term'd, *Love's Diverſion*, of uſe to all fond Lovers; wherefore I have here inſerted it.

Love's Diverſion.

MUſing with myſelf, being idle, how to make good Uſe of my Time, I thought nothing, Friend *Philautus*, more fit to ſtrengthen our Friendſhip, or of greater Force to arm us againſt our late Folly for the future, than to preſcribe a Remedy for that many think paſt Cure; even for Love, *Philautus*, with which we have been tormented, that we loſt our Senſes; ſo wearied with Repulſes, ſo entrapp'd by Deceit, and almoſt murder'd with Diſdain, that I cannot remember our Miſeries without Grief, nor think on our Misfortunes without Tears.

How wantonly, nay how obſtinately have we miſpent our precious Time, and ſquandered away our Wealth? How zealous have we been to pleaſe the Fair, how unmindful of Matters of greater Concern? Ah, *Philautus*, if the Waſting our Money nothing move us, the Corrupting our Minds ſhould deter us; if Reaſon cannot perſwade us to Wiſdom, Shame ſhould provoke us to be prudent.

If *Lucilla* read this, ſhe'll preſently proclaim *Euphues* a Traytor; either accuſing me of Malice

lice for expoſing her Slights, or condemning me of Spite in arming young Men againſt ſuch deceitful and inconſtant Maidens: But that ſhall not diſturb me; for though *Curio* be as hot as a Toaſt, yet *Euphues* is as cold as Ice; and though he be now Standard-bearer to *Venus*, and Slave to *Lucilla*, his Joy ſhall ſoon be turn'd to Sorrow.

But, *Philautus*, if there be any Man in Deſpair of obtaining a Cure, or ſo obſtinate in his Opinion, that, having loſt his Freedom, will alſo loſe his Life by Love, let him read this, which will cauſe him to renounce his Miſtreſs, and redeem his Liberty.

Liſten therefore to me, all ye Lovers who have been deceived by Fancy, or deluded by Women: Be as earneſt to ſeek a Medicine as you were eager to run into the Danger; and, I hope, by my good Counſel to make amends for my bad Life, and that my Repentance may reclaim thoſe my Example has miſled.

Whatever I ſay to Men, the ſame I ſpeak to Women; for I deſign not *to run with the Hare, and hold with the Hound*; to flatter Men as altogether faultleſs, or to blame Women as altogether guilty; if Women are not perverſe, they may hence procure a Remedy as well as Men. If *Phillis* were now to take Advice, ſhe would not be ſo foolish to hang herſelf; nor *Dido* ſo mad as to die for *Æneas*.

This therefore is to admoniſh all young Novices in Love, that they blow not the Coals of Fancy with Deſire, but quench them with Contempt; for though the Beginning of Love brings Delight, the End is very unpleaſant: For as the firſt Draught of Wine enlivens the Spirits, the ſecond enflames the Liver, and the third intoxi-

cates the Brain; ſo the firſt Sip of Love is pleaſing, the ſecond dangerous, the third deſtructive.

If you find yourſelf entangled by their wanton Glances, allured by their ſubtil Diſcourſes or artful Beauty, enter into this Conſideration:

What ſhall I gain if I obtain my Purpoſe? Nay rather, what ſhall I loſe if I gain my Deſire? Is it not likely, if ſhe conſent to love me, ſhe will yield unto another: If ſhe be chaſt, then is ſhe coy; if light, then is ſhe impudent; if a modeſt Maiden, it is hard to court her; if a looſe one, who would wed her? If I love one who is fair, it will kindle Jealouſy; if one that is ugly or deformed, it will make me mad: If ſhe be modeſt, I ſhall fear her Death; if immodeſt, I ſhall be weary of my Life.

To what End then ſhall I live in Love, ſeeing it is a Life of continual Torments? For all my Time ſpent in Sighs and Sobs, for all my Treaſure conſum'd in Jewels, and ſquander'd in Treats, what ſhall I gain but Repentance? What Reward ſhall I have but Deriſion? But perhaps you will ſay, If I refuſe their Courteſy, I ſhall be accounted a dull ſtupid Blockhead, that cannot apprehend their Meaning; or a conceited proud Coxcomb, for rejecting their Civility; either be laugh'd at for my Blindneſs, or ſcorn'd for my Folly.

Alas, fond Fool! are you ſo pinn'd to their Sleeves as to mind their Scoffs before your own Happineſs? Their Jeers before your own Eaſe? Will you reſemble the ſilly *Spaniel*, which *the more he is beaten, the fonder he grows*? Know you not that Women think none valiant, unleſs too vent'rous? That they account him a Miſer, who is not prodigal? The Silent they term Sots: The Talka-

tive Bablers: They always think perverſly of their Lovers, and ſpeak of them as diſdainfully; calling all Slovens that are not Fops, and all Clowns who are not Courtiers.

Seeing then the Boſom of Love is ſower, the Bud cannot be ſweet; prevent the Danger therefore in time, ſearch the Wound whilſt 'tis green, leſt the Salve come too late; for it doubles the Grief to bring a Medicine, when the Patient is paſt Cure.

Conſider the Nature of Women, which is grounded on Extremities.

Does any Man pleaſe them, unleſs he doat on them? Is any eſteem'd zealous, unleſs he be jealous? Any fervent, unleſs mad? If cleanly, they term him proud; if mean in Apparel, a Sloven; if tall, a Maypole; if ſhort, a Dwarf; if bold, impudent; if baſhful, a Coward.

Obſerve their deceitful Tricks, their little Toys to allure, their feigned Tears which they have at Command; their wanton Glances, and enticing Smiles: Turn, turn your Eyes from theſe *Gorgons*, for there is Witchcraft in their very Looks, which ſecretly ſteals into the Heart of the Beholder, and enſlaves him to the Caprice of the fickle Object: But above all, avoid their deluding Tongues, liſten not to the *Syrens*: Conſider, that the ſweet Songs of *Calypſo* were ſubtil Snares to decoy *Ulyſſes*; that the *Hiena*, when ſhe ſpeaks like a Man, deſigns moſt Miſchief; and Women, when moſt pleaſant, have the greateſt Treachery in their Hearts. Your gay and ſprightly Humour will then be turn'd into melancholy Sighs; Solitude will be prefer'd to the Company of your moſt intimate Friends; Your very Bed, though of the fineſt Down, will yield no more Reſt than

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the hardeſt Rock; the little Slumber you have, if you get any, will be broken and diſturb'd with whimſical Dreams, which owe their Being to the Diſtemper of your Brain. Beware then of their ſoft Expreſſions; for tho' you ſhould happily eſcape their enchanting Smiles, yet if once you liſten to their moving Tale, you are ruin'd beyond Redemption; every Word will prove a Charm to bewitch you; the more you hear, the deeper will the Poiſon of Love ſink into your Heart; and the Spell will prove ſo ſtrong, that, though you are earneſtly deſirous to break the Chain, you will find yourſelf enſlav'd againſt your Will.

O ye Gods! what unſpeakable Miſeries muſt you undergo? Your Paſſion will afford no Ceſſation, no Eaſe, no Quiet, no Content; but, like *Promotheus*, whoſe growing Liver the inſatiate Vulture ceaſes not to gnaw, you will feel a reſtleſs Anxiety, which continually preys on the Heart of the timorous Lover.

In all this Torment, you will find yourſelf but laugh'd at, and derided for your Pains: Your Miſtreſs, inſtead of pitying your Misfortune, will do her utmoſt to encreaſe it; ſhe will even be rude to ſhew her Contempt of you; if you beg the ſmalleſt Favour on your Knees with Tears, ſhe will take a Pride to deny it you, and grant it another the ſame Moment unask'd, before your Face. When ſhe has thus ſhew'd her Diſdain, you muſt not murmur or complain; but, in ſpite of all this Cruelty and Ill-nature, give her the Title of Kind, Obliging, and Good-natur'd; nay, you muſt love her the better; you muſt even be more fond, more courteous, attend her Pleaſure, and be ready at all Times and in all Places to do the meaneſt Offices at her Requeſt, and

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take it as a more than ordinary Favour that ſhe will lay her Commands upon you. After all this, your Paſſion muſt not cool; for to leave her, would be accounted Inconſtancy, though ſhe has always anſwer'd you with Slights and Contempt. But it's in vain to enumerate the ſeveral Tortures in Love, ſince, had I a thouſand Tongues, they would not ſuffice to rehearſe them all.

Oh that I could be as eloquent in repeating their Vices, as you ought to be penitent when you remember them!

It is ſtrange to ſee how we are deceiv'd and blinded by the outward Show of Beauty, and artificial Ornaments of Women: I loath the very Thoughts of their Ointments and Apothecaries Drugs; the Plaiſtering and Sleeking of their Faces. Look into their Cloſets, there ſhall you ſee a Shop of ſweet Confections; Perfumes, Patches, Earrings, and a Pedlar's Pack of new Fangles.

Take from them their Paints, their Tow'rs, their Jewels, and you will ſoon perceive Women to be the leaſt Part of themſelves; when they are once unrob'd, you will rather take them for Serpents than Angels; and they will appear ſo like Hags, that you will be more afraid of being enchanted than enamoured.

How ought you then to guard againſt ſuch Creatures, and ſhun their Converſation? Take Example of *Alexander*, who, when he heard the Wife of *Darius* commended for her ſingular Comelineſs, wiſely refuſed to ſatisfy his Curioſity with a bare View of her Beauty.

Imitate *Cyrus*, who would not look upon the Heav'nly Charms of *Panthea*; and when *Araſpus* told him ſhe excell'd all Mortals, *The more ought I*, ſaid he, *to avoid her Sight, leſt her fair Face entice me*

to ſtay with her, and neglect my more ſerious Affairs. Learn of *Romulus* to abſtain from Wine, be it never ſo pleaſant; of *Diogenes* to abhor Women, be they never ſo lovely.

The ſore Eye infects the ſound, and the Society of Women lulls Men aſleep in a groundleſs Security. Take this for a Maxim in Love, That Idleneſs is the only Nouriſher of ſenſual Appetite, the firſt Shaft that *Cupid* ſhoots at the heedleſs Lover.

I wiſh I were not myſelf an Example of this Truth. How fooliſh have I been in ſtriving againſt good Counſel? How vain in following my own Humour? How idly have I ſpent my Time?

'Tis Idleneſs, Gentlemen, that begets Love. Is it not true what *Seneca* ſays? As too much Bending breaks the Bow, ſo too much Remiſſneſs corrupts the Mind. Does not immoderate Sleep, indecent Plays, and hard Drinking, deſtroy the Senſes, and ruin the Soul? Avoid Idleneſs, my *Philautus*, ſo ſhall you quench the Flames of Love: Love gives way to Labour; Labour, and you ſhall never Love. *Cupid* follows thoſe who perſue Pleaſure, and flies thoſe who take Pains. Bend your Mind to the Law, *Philautus*; by that you will underſtand ancient Cuſtoms, defend your Clients, enrich yourſelf, and gain Honour in your Country.

If you approve not of Law, ſtudy the Secrets of Phyſick, ſearch the hidden Nature of Herbs; by that you may encreaſe your Eſtate, and divert your Mind.

But if you are ſo nice neither of theſe will pleaſe you, improve your Time in ſtudying the ſacred Knowledge of Divinity. Here ſhall you behold how tranſitory and fading all earthly

Joys

Joys are: Here ſhall you find Eaſe for your Conſcience, o'erborn with Sin; Relief for all penitent Sinners.

By this you will be able to confirm thoſe who are weak; to confute thoſe who are obſtinate; to comfort the Deſpairer, and curb the Preſumptuous; to ſave your own Soul by a ſtedfaſt Faith and a worthy Life, and edify many by ſound Doctrine, and a good Example.

If this be too reſerved a Life for your looſe Inclination, then employ your Time in Martial Diſcipline; follow Glory through Dangers; venture your Life nobly for your Religion, your King, your Country; rather live in continual Torments than think of Love, or waſt your Time in the Company of Ladies.

What can be more baſe than for young Men to miſuſe the Gifts of Heaven to their own Shame, which were deſigned for the Glory of the Giver? What more infamous than to abuſe Wit in making lewd Sonnets in the Flattery of Ladies? Is it not Folly to ſhew Wit to Women, who are not able to receive any Benefit from it? Do you not know, that in *Rhodes* no Eagle will build a Neſt, no Owl live in *Crete*, no Wit ſpring from a Woman? Mortify your Affection, retire to the Country, buſy yourſelf about your Grounds, and deviſe how to encreaſe their Product: Pull your Apples in Autumn, ply your Harveſt in Summer; in the Spring trim your Garden, in the Winter your Woods: Take Pleaſure in good Huſbandry, and you will deteſt the Love of ſuch idle Goſſips. For Recreation after your Labour, uſe Hunting, or Hawking; ſo ſhall you root out the Remembrance of your former Love, and conquer your fond deſire.

Though you have bound yourſelf by Promiſe never to leave her, yet let not that detain you; but go, run, fly into the Country, and there by Exerciſe drive her from your Mind, who would drive you from your Senſes: Let fall no Tears at your Departure; for if you weep, ſhe will laugh at your Fondneſs. Stand not in a Doubt whether you had beſt go or ſtay, but the more unwilling you find yourſelf, make the more Haſt to depart: Feign no ſleeveleſs Excuſe for tarrying; if ſhe have any rich Jewel of yours in her keeping, let not that detain you one Moment, go not to receive it; nay, let not Thunder, Lightning, or any Tempeſt ſtop your Journey: reckon not how many Miles you are from her, but always think yourſelf too near her. Some fooliſh frantick Lovers will laugh at my Advice, and think my Rule unpracticable; but ſtrong Diſeaſes muſt have ſow'r Potions, and ſharp Purgations make a quick Cure: We ought to try all Things for the Safeguard of the Mind, to preſerve the Eaſe and Content of our own Breaſts. But to proceed; If you are ſo betwitch'd you cannot avoid their Company, yet at leaſt diſſemble your Grief: If you are as hot as Mount *Ætna*, feign yourſelf as cold as the Hill *Caucaſus*; carry two Faces under one Hood; ſhew yourſelf outwardly merry, tho' your Heart be melancholy: Thus concealing your Grief, you may cure your Diſeaſe; Love creeps in by Stealth, and by Stealth ſlides away.

If your Lady break Promiſe with you at Night, or ſhun you by Day, ſeem careleſs and not to mind it, and then will ſhe be uneaſy; keep you at a Diſtance, and ſhe will draw near: If you paſs by the Door, and are called back, ſeem deaf and not to hear, or heedleſs and not to care. Fly all Places where you have been converſant with her; ſhun,

ſhun, *Philautus*, the very Street where *Lucilla* lives, leſt the Sight of her Window renew your Torments.

Yet though I would have you obſerve theſe Precepts to a tittle, I deſire you to avoid Solitarineſs, which breeds Melancholy, and Melancholy nouriſhes Love. Have always ſome Friend to whom you may communicate your Mind, and from whom you may receive good Counſel. *Phillis*, in wand'ring the Woods, hang'd herſelf: Beware of Solitarineſs. Though I would have you uſe Company for your Recreation, yet avoid all thoſe who converſe with her.

But if theſe Rules are too hard at firſt, to ſtrengthen yourſelf by degrees, endeavour to leſſen your own Opinion of her Worth; if ſhe be never ſo comely, believe her Counterfeit; if never ſo ſtrait, think her crooked, and wreſt all Parts of her Body to the worſt, be it never ſo beauteous a Frame; if ſhe be well ſet, call her a Boſs; if ſlender, a Haſel-twig; if Nut-brown, as black as a Negro; if well colour'd, a painted Wall: If ſhe be pleaſant, account her wanton; if dull, ſullen and ill humour'd; if honeſt, coy and preciſe; if free and courteous, as bold as an Harlot.

If ſhe has a diſagreeable Voice, deſire her to ſing; if an awkard Air, beg her to dance; if no Knowledge in Muſick, give her a Flute; if an ill Gate, walk with her; if her Speech be bad, talk with her; if ſhe has an ill Set of Teeth, tell ſome merry Jeſt to make her laugh; if little Eyes, ſome doleful Tale to make her weep; her Grinning will ſhew her Deformity, her Whining make her appear contemptible.

Be not curious to curl your Hair, or too nice in your Apparel; be not like the *Engliſhman*, who

prefers every ſtrange Faſhion before that of his own Country; leſt ſhe think you fooliſh in framing yourſelf to the Mode, to appear neat and courtly in her Eyes.

In the laſt place, let every one leave his Miſtreſs, and be aſham'd to be her Servant. Fly Eaſe and Pleaſure, that nouriſhes Affection: Play, Wine and Wantonneſs, feed the Lover, and heighten his Deſire. Refrain all Meats that may provoke the Appetite; for Eaſe take Labour, for Pleaſure Pain; leave the Company of Ladies, and converſe with Philoſophers. If you ſay to me, *Phyſician, cure thy ſelf*; I anſwer, I am thoroughly purg'd of my Diſeaſe; and now having gain'd a Remedy myſelf, I am willing to preſcribe to my Friend.

But now, *Philautus*, I would not have all Women diſpleas'd, becauſe I have diſclos'd the Legerdemain of many; yet I know none will winch unleſs ſhe be gaul'd, none be offended unleſs guilty: Therefore I deſire you not to ſhow them theſe Lines, except you likewiſe ſhow my Defence with it; for though I value not the ill Will of the Wanton, yet I am unwilling to loſe the good Will of the Modeſt.

Thus being ready to go to *Athens*, where I ſhould be glad to ſee you, I bid you farewel, and fly Women.

Euphues.

To the diſcreet and modeſt Maids of Italy.

LAdies; Becauſe I would not be miſconſtrued of the Malicious, or accuſed by the Subtil of Blaſphemy againſt the Fair Sex, I thought fit to vindicate myſelf from the Aſperſions

ſions of one, and confute the Cavils of the other.

Believe me, though I have been bold to inveigh againſt many, yet am I not ſo brutiſh to deſpiſe all; though I ſeem not ſo gameſome as *Ariſtippus*, to play with *Lais*; yet am I not ſo dogged as *Diogenes*, to abhor all Women: Neither would I have you think me ſo fooliſh to condemn the whole Sex, for the light Behaviour of a few. I know that as there has been an unchaſt *Helen* in *Greece*, ſo there has alſo been a chaſt *Penelope*; though ſome have been as fickle as *Lucilla*, yet others have been as faithful as *Lucretia*.

Whatever I have ſaid againſt the Slights and Subtilties of Women, I hope none who are honeſt will diſlike; and if the Vicious do, I value not their Anger. The black Raven has the Shape of a Bird as well as the white Swan, and the lewd Huſſey the Name of a Woman as well as the moſt deſerving: There is great Difference between the ſtanding Puddle, and the running Stream, yet both Water; vaſt Difference between *Lais* and *Lucretia*, yet both Women. Seeing therefore we may love the clear Water, though we loath the muddy Ditch, I think we may highly eſteem the Converſation of virtuous Maids, tho' we ſhun the Society of the Vicious and Immodeſt.

Though *Euphues* deteſts the Lightneſs of *Lucilla*, yet will he not abſtain from the Company of the Chaſt: Though the Tears of ſome Women are deceitful as the Crocodils, yet the Tears of others are ſincere and unfeigned.

I for my part will always honour and reſpect thoſe whoſe Lives are worthy of it: Neither will I promiſe never to be caught again with the Bait of Beauty; for though the Falſeneſs of *Lucilla*

has

has cauſed me to ſhake off my violent Paſſion, yet the Fidelity of ſome Lady may once again renew my Deſire: I preſume, therefore, that you will not think the worſe of me for having thought ſo ill of ſome of your Sex, nor like me the leſs for abhorring their Lewdneſs. 'Tis my Opinion, that as ſome Roſes will be blaſted in the Bud, and others will never fall from the Stalk; ſo ſome Women will eaſily be enſnared to Vice, others never allured from the ſtrict Precepts of Virtue: You ought, therefore, to be no more offended at what I have ſaid, than the Mint-Maſter to ſee the Coiner hang'd, or the Loyal Subject a Traytor arraign'd, or the honeſt Man the Thief condemn'd.

Farewel,

You have heard, Gentlemen, how ſoon the hot Deſire of *Euphues* was turn'd to Coldneſs; not that Fancy wrought the Change, but the Inconſtancy of *Lucilla* alter'd his Mind. Reſolving therefore to ſhun ſuch fond Delights, he retir'd to *Athens*, there to follow his own private Study; and calling to mind his former looſe Life, how he had miſpent his Time, he thought to give a *Caveat* to all Parents, to Educate their Children in Virtue; and Advice to all young Men, how to frame themſelves to the Commands and Inſtructions of their Fathers: In which Diſcourſe, you will ſee what Wit can do when well employ'd; and though it is leſs pleaſant to youthful Minds than the foregoing, yet is it more profitable; in the one being contained the Life of a Lover, in the other the Reaſons of a Philoſopher.

EPHOE-

EPHOEBUS.

IT is commonly ſaid, though I think it is a common Miſtake, That *Experience is the Miſtreſs of Fools*; for in my Opinion, they are moſt Fools who want it. I have been here a a Student of great Wealth, ſome Wit, and no ſmall Acquaintance; yet have I learned that by Experience, which I ſhould hardly have ever known by Learning.

I have throughly ſifted the Diſpoſition of Youth, and have found in them more Bran than Meal, more Rage than Reaſon. He that has been burnt knows the Force of the Fire; and he who has endur'd the Torments of Love, knows beſt how to ſhun the pleaſing Snares of Affection.

Let my Counſel, Gentlemen, be of Authority to command you to be ſober and ſerious: Let your Converſation be ſo regular, that it may encourage me to go forward in what I have undertaken; which is, to ſet forth a young Man ſo accompliſh'd, that nothing ſhall be wanting to make him compleat.

And though *Plato*, in his Common-wealth, is ſo ſingularly curious, that it may rather be wiſh'd for than expected; yet my young Gentleman is ſuch a one as ſhall be every way well qualified;

and

and as common too as perfect, if Diligence and Induſtry be uſed to the Attaining of ſuch Perfections.

If my Counſel ſhould ſeem rigorous to Fathers, directing 'em to uſe good Diſcipline; or if it be thought too heavy a Yoke, obliging Youth to obey the Commands of their Parents; let both conſider, that *as the ſick Patient ſwallows the bitter Pill*, to be healed of his Diſeaſe; ſo you ſhould endure ſharp Remedies, rather than want good Manners and Learning. I myſelf had been more happy and rich, if I had acquir'd more Learning and leſs Wealth. We have an old Proverb, that *Youth will have its Courſe*; Ah, Gentlemen! It is ſuch a Courſe we ought to avoid, being naturally liable to more Miſeries than old Age. We are no ſooner out of the Shell, but we imitate the Pelican, that makes a Wound in her own Breaſt. We are either commonly taken with the vain Glory of our own handſom Shape, or with the fantaſtical Conceit of our own Wit; either enſnared by Beauty, or ſeduced by idle Diverſions, or decoy'd by vicious Company: Of all theſe Things I may ſpeak the more boldly, having experienc'd them to my own Shame and Sorrow.

Therefore, that all young Gentlemen may ſhun ſuch diſingenuous Liberties, my Deſign here is to ſhew the Duty both of Parents and Children; deſiring them not to reject it, as proceeding from one who has liv'd wantonly himſelf in the World, any more than they would refuſe Gold becauſe it lies in the dirty Earth of a groſs Mine.

Con-

Concerning the Birth of a Child.

FIrſt; Whoever deſires to be the Happy Father of a Sober and Virtuous Son, let him abſtain from Women of baſe Birth, mean Education, or immodeſt Lives. If the Mother be noted for Incontinence, or the Father ſubject to any Vice, the Child will either be infected with their ill Habits, or be upbraided for their Crimes.

Our Anceſtors wiſely obſerv'd, that Men, who deſired ſober and diſcreet Children, ſhould themſelves be ſober and prudent, not given to Wine and Women; for the Manners of the Father would be figured in the Infant.

It conduces much to the Eaſe and Tranquility of the Child, and the Credit of the Father, to give and take ſuch Liberty as *Nature*, *Law* and *Reaſon* have allow'd; for he, who denies his Son that innocent Freedom, gives him Occaſion to ſuſpect his Father has trod awry.

Thus much for Procreation.

How a young Man ought to lead his Life.

THere are three Things make Perfection in Man; *Nature*, *Reaſon* and *Uſe*: *Nature* I call Diſcipline; *Uſe*, Exerciſe. If any one of theſe Branches be wanting, the *Tree* of Virtue muſt needs wither; for as Nature without Diſcipline is feeble, ſo Diſcipline without Nature is weak; and if Exerciſe or Study be void either of the one or the other, it is unprofitable: For as in Tillage and Husbandry, there ſhould be choſen a fertile Soil, an expert Sower, and good Seed; even ſo Nature may be compared to the Earth,

the skilful Husbandman to the Prudent Schoolmaſter; the Faculties and Sciences to the pure Seed. 'Tis therefore a moſt manifeſt Sign of God's Favour towards him who is endued with all theſe good Qualities, which can only render Life pleaſant and deſirable.

But if any one thinks that Wit is not neceſſary to the obtaining of Wiſdom, after he has attain'd to Virtue by Exerciſe, he is far miſtaken in my Opinion concerning the true Ground-work of Learning; for if Nature play not her part, Study is but Labour in vain; and if Study is not us'd, Nature is fruſtrated. Sloth blunts the Edge of Wit, Study ſharpens it; the eaſieſt Thing is hard to the Sluggard, and to the Wit well employ'd the hardeſt Thing is eaſy.

The Effects of Labour appear in many Things illuſtrious: By Labour the wildeſt Faulcon is reclaim'd, looſeſt Rake reform'd, and greateſt Bulwark conquer'd.

One, being ask'd who were accounted the vileſt People amongſt the *Theſſalonians*; very wiſely anſwer'd, *He that lives in Idleneſs and Eaſe, never giving himſelf to Martial Exerciſe.* It is Cuſtom, Uſe and Exerciſe that bring a young Man to the Perfection of Virtue.

Lycurgus, the Lawgiver of the *Spartans*, nouriſh'd two Whelps of the ſame Damm and Sire; the one he brought up to Hunting, the other by the Fire-ſide: And, afterwards, calling the *Lacedemonians* together in an Aſſembly, he ſaid, *Ye* Lacedemonians! *Education, Induſtry and Exerciſe, are the nobleſt Means towards the attaining of Virtue.* The Truth of it appears in this Trial: Then bringing forth the Whelps, and ſetting down there a Pot and an Hare, the one ran to the Hare, the other to the Pottage-pot: The *Lacedemonians* ſcarce underſtanding

derſtanding the Myſtery and Meaning of it; *Well*, ſays he, *both theſe are of one Sire and one Damm, and yet you ſee how Education alters Nature.*

Of the Education of Youth.

IT is both natural and neceſſary, in my Opinion, that the Mother of the Child be the Nurſe alſo, as well for the Maternal Affection, as for the Deſire of ſeeing it carefully nouriſh'd; for is there any one more fitting to bring up the Child than ſhe who bore it? Will any be more careful of it? For as the Throbs and Throws in Labour gave her Pain, ſo the ſmiling Countenance of the Infant gives her Pleaſure. The hired Nurſe is like the hired Servant, who not for Good-will to the Perſon, but out of Love to the Money, does his Work.

Nay, Nature in this Point obliges a Mother to nurſe her own Child, having providently given her two Fountains of Milk, that if ſhe ſhould bring forth two at a Birth, ſhe might nouriſh them both. Now by Sucking the Mother's Breaſt, there muſt needs be a greater Love and Sympathy between her and the Children; for commonly thoſe who eat and drink together, have more Reſpect one to another than thoſe who meet ſeldom, and have little Familiarity. Is not the Name of *Mother* Dear? Why then is half the Title beſtow'd on one who never felt the Pain in Conceiving and Bearing, nor can take the Pleaſure in Nouriſhing the Child? Is the Earth call'd the Mother of all Things, becauſe ſhe brings them forth? No, but becauſe ſhe nouriſhes thoſe Things which ſhe produces. The Lioneſs nouriſhes her Whelp, and the Viper her Brood;

and ſhall a Woman be ſo barbarous as to caſt away her Babe?

I account it caſt away, being thrown aſide in the Swadling Cloths to ſome ſtrange Nurſe: Little Love can the Mother have, that acts ſuch a Piece of unnatural Cruelty; the Infant looking yet red of the Mother, the Mother yet breathing with the Tortures of her Travail, and the Child crying for Help; which is ſaid to move Love and Compaſſion in wild Beaſts: And this Nurſe again perhaps neither wholſome in Body, nor of honeſt Behaviour; who values your Money more than your Child, that you expoſe as a Trifle.

Is it not neceſſary the Child ſhould be nouriſh'd with its natural Juice, and cheriſh'd with its accuſtom'd Heat, and not be fed with foreign or counterfeit Diet? For it is not the Milk only that encreaſes the Strength, or forwards the Growth of the Body, but the natural Heat and Agreement of the Mother's Body with the Child's: It requires the ſame Moiſture it receiv'd in the Bowels, which bound and knit the tender Parts together, and ſuccour'd it in the Womb. A Slip pull'd from the Stalk withers; and the young Child violently torn, as it were, from the Paps of the Mother, either quite changes, or at leaſt alters his Diſpoſition. It was wittily ſaid of *Horace*, A new Veſſel will ſavour long of the Liquor that is firſt poured into it; and the Infant will always be tinctur'd with the Nurſe's Manners, having plentifully taſted of her Milk.

I am of Opinion, that as the Moiſture or Sap of the Earth changes the Nature of the Tree or Plant that is nouriſh'd by it; ſo Wit and Diſpoſition are alter'd and chang'd by the Nurſe's Milk.

Milk. Upon good Evidence therefore is this common Expreſſion grounded; *This or that Fellow has ſuck'd Miſchief even from the Cradle.*

The Etymology of the Word *Mother* among the *Græcians*, may be properly applied to ſuch unnatural Mothers; they call it *Meter a Meterine*; that is, Mother from not making much of, or not nouriſhing. Hence it happens often that the Son has ſo little Love for his Mother; his natural Affection being divided between herſelf and his Nurſe: Hence it comes alſo, that the Mother ſometimes has but a cold Reſpect for her Child, ſeeing ſo much of the Nurſe in him.

The greateſt Step to Learning is a mutual Love, and fervent Deſire between the Maſter and his Scholar; and the greateſt Motive to Duty and Love, is for the Child to ſuck the Mother that bare him, which commonly creates a kind of reciprocal Affection: Yet if the Mother, through the evil Habit of her Body, or ſome Infirmity of her Breaſts, cannot nurſe the Infant, tho' much againſt her Will; then let her provide ſuch a One as is of wholſom Complexion, and modeſt Behaviour; tender and careful of the Child, diligent in providing Things neceſſary for it, and as like the Mother both in Lineaments of the Body, and Diſpoſition of the Mind, as can be choſen.

As the Parts of the Child are carefully framed and faſhioned by the Midwife as ſoon as it is born, that it may be of a ſtrait and comely Shape; ſo the Manners of the Child are chiefly to be look'd into by the Parents, that no crooked Behaviour or indecent Carriage may be found in the Man.

Young and tender Years are eaſily form'd to good Manners; for as the Steel makes an Impreſſion upon the ſoft Wax, ſo Learning may as eaſily be engraven on the Minds of Youth.

Plato admoniſhes all Nurſes and Weaners of Children, not to tell them looſe Fables, or filthy Tales, leſt, at their Entrance into the World, they ſhould be corrupted with unſeemly Behaviour, or immoral Diſcourſe: To this the Poet *Phocilides* alludes, adviſing us to inſtruct a Child whilſt he is young, in Virtue and good Literature. I would alſo have all thoſe who are concerned in the Care of educating Children, to take great Caution againſt telling them any Stories of Spirits, or ſuffering them to be preſent at ſuch Relations; never to affright them with Bugbears, or any ſuch like terrifying Fancies; for by this means ſuch a Timidity is often imprinted on the Spirits of the Child whilſt young, that neither Time nor Reaſon can ever correct, or entirely root out. How many are there who tremble, and with Fear ſweat, if they walk alone in the Dark; and are ſoon ſcar'd with imaginary Apparitions, fram'd from the whimſical Fancies of their own frighted Brain?

Train Children up in the L nguage of their Country; be ſure to make them pronounce every Word plainly and diſtinctly, without Stammering and Stuttering: Keep them from Hearing barbarous Diſcourſe, and idle Talk, as you would a Ship from the Rocks; leſt, being affected with rude Language, they take Delight in vulgar Converſation.

Children are to be chaſtiſed if they uſe any filthy or unſeemly Expreſſions; for, as *Democritus* ſays, *the Word is the Shadow of the Work*: They muſt be

be courteous in Behaviour, mild of Speech, not diſdaining their Companions, nor refraining their Company; they muſt not be wanton or ſpeak imprudently; neither be angry nor quarrelſome without a Cauſe.

A young Man of a perverſe Nature, haughty Speech, and proud in his Behaviour, gave *Socrates* a Spurn; who being mov'd by his Companions to give him another, anſwer'd, *If an Aſs kick me, would you have me kick him again?* The Wiſdom of *Socrates* in Bridling his Anger, is worthy Commendation. Every Man ought to endeavour to ſuppreſs that hot and heady Humour, which he is ſubject to by Nature.

It is an old Saying, *If a Man dwells next Door to a Cripple, he will in time learn to halt*: Take heed therefore, when the Child is fit for a Tutor, to chooſe ſuch a one as is neither unlearned, of an idle Life, nor light Behaviour.

A Gentleman, who has honeſt and diſcreet Servants, diſpoſes of them to the Care of his Seigniories: One he appoints Steward of his Courts, another Overſeer of his Lands; one a Factor for Traffick Abroad, another Surveyor for his Table at Home: But if he obſerve any one of 'em unclean in his Diſcourſe, ſilly in his Behaviour, extravagant, or a Wit-all in his Actions; this is the Perſon he imprudently makes Director of his Children's Manners, thereby often committing the Guidance and Tuition of his Son to one who is of a baſe Diſpoſition, ſlaviſh Spirit, a Knave in Condition, and a Beaſt in Behaviour. Sooner will ſuch a degenerate Man beſtow an hundred Crowns to have a Horſe well manag'd, than his Child well taught; being more careful to encreaſe his Wealth, than to have a wiſe Son to inherit his Eſtate.

There

There are many Fathers ſo enflam'd with the Love of Riches, that they are incenſed with Hatred even againſt their own Children, thinking them too chargeable, although they ſcarce allow them Clothes to keep out the Cold, or Food to ſupport Nature.

An old Miſer asking *Ariſtippus*, what he would take to bring up his Son? He anſwer'd, A thouſand Groats: *God ſhield me*, ſaid the old Wretch, *I can have two Servants at that Price.* To whom he reply'd, *Thou ſhalt have two Servants, and one Son, and which wilt thou ſell?* Is it not abſurd to take ſo much Pains to chide a Child, if he cut his Meat with his Left-hand, or for ſome other trifling Matter, and to take no more Care of his Education? But what do ſuch Parents gain by the Neglect, who bring up their Children in Idleneſs and Ignorance?

When their Sons are grown up to Men's Eſtate; when they diſdain Correction, and refuſe Obedience; when they give themſelves up to vain Delight and indecent Paſtimes; Then their Fathers, like the fooliſh Perſon in the Proverb, begin to grow wiſe, and repent of their former Folly, when it is too late; when they ſee their Sons are fallen into the Company of Flatterers and Sycophants, Men more dangerous to Youth than wild Beaſts are to innocent Creatures; when they frequent the Stews, and the Dwellings of Harlots; ſit up whole Nights in Taverns, ſumptuous in their Diet, foppiſh in their Attire, and careleſs of their Reputation; gaming at Dice, or dallying with Ladies; ſpending their Wealth upon Wine and Women: Then indeed the Father condemns his own fond Indulgence, and too late laments his Child's Obſtinacy and Licentiouſneſs. Then the Child charges his Parent with Want

of

of Natural Affection, in not bringing him up to Learning; and blames his own Idleneſs for not applying his Mind to the Study of it.

Parents are highly to blame who commit their Children wholly to the Care of an Hireling; neither asking, nor minding how they encreaſe in their Learning; for if the Father were diligent to examine his Son in what he learn'd, the Maſter would be more careful in what he taught. The memorable Saying of the Horſe-keeper may be applied; *Nothing ſo fattens the Horſe as the Eye of the Maſter.*

If ſuch an extravagant Rake had been train'd up under the Care of ſome Philoſopher, he would not have prov'd ſo diſſolute a Libertine in his Life and Manners.

Crates had good Reaſon for ſaying, That if it were lawful, he would cry out in the Market-place, *Whither run ye, Fathers, who beſtow all your Care and Induſtry to heap up Riches, not regarding the main Point, your Childrens Education, who are to enjoy them?* In this they exactly reſemble that Perſon who is very curious in his Shoes, but takes no Care at all of the Feet.

A good and diſcreet Maſter ought to be procur'd for the Inſtruction of a Youth, who ſhould be as well qualified as *Phœnix*, the Inſtructor of *Achilles*, not only Learned, but alſo Exemplary in his Life; one, whoſe good Name was never call'd in queſtion. Many Parents are to be blamed in this Reſpect; who having had no Trial of a Tutor's Honeſty, or Experience of his Learning, to whoſe Care they commit the Child's Education; very often put him into the Hands of one either Ignorantly Wiſe, or Obſtinately Perverſe. Some again are overcome by the ſoothing Flattery of thoſe Fools, who profeſs a great

deal of Knowledge, and ſhew a ſort of diſſembling Sincerity in their Life. Others, at the Intreaty of their familiar Friends, commit their Sons to the Care of a Tutor that has no Honeſty, and little Learning; for which Act of Indiſcretion, they may be juſtly compared to thoſe Patients who reject the skilful Phyſician, and by a falſe Recommendation admit an ignorant Quack-Doctor; which muſt at leaſt endanger, if not entirely ruin the Conſtitution of his Body: Or, to thoſe Perſons, who, at the importunate Suit of their Acquaintance, refuſe the experienc'd Pilot, and accept of an unskilful Mariner, which hazards the Ship in the calmeſt Sea.

Can any, who bears the Name of a Father, value his Friend's Fancy more than his Son's Education? It is good Education that leads to Virtue, and ſmooths the Path to a happy Life.

Great Riches and Comely Perſonage are nothing in Compariſon of Learning: To be a Nobleman is exccellent; but that Excellency is our Anceſtors; as *Ulyſſes* ſaid to *Ajax*: As for our *Nobility*, *Birth* and *Kindred*, I can ſcarce call them our own. Riches are uſeful, but Fortune rules the Roaſt; who often takes All from them who have Much, and beſtows it on them who have Nothing. Glory is Honourable, and worthy to be followed; but it cannot be gain'd without great Danger and Trouble, and it may be loſt again in a Moment: It appears in divers Forms and Shapes, according to the different Notions and Opinions of Men; ſome placing it in one thing, ſome in another; ſo that the ſame Action may ſometimes gain you both Glory and Infamy.

Beauty

Beauty fades e'er we perceive it to flouriſh, and has no real Being; but is altogether the Product of Fancy: One places it in a fair Face, another in a brown Complexion; ſome ſee it in an Oval Viſage, a Long Neck, or Slender Waſte; others in a Short Neck, a Jolly Face, and a Full-ſet Body: One will have it to be in an Airy Motion, another in Witty Expreſſions: All by a ſtrange Variety of Admiration.

Health is ſubject to Diſeaſes, and more uncertain in its Continuance than the Weather.

Strength is weakned by Sickneſs, or deſtroy'd by Age; neither can we juſtly boaſt of it in its prime Vigour, ſeeing the Lion, the Bull, and the Elephant exceed us in that.

Virtue alone is that Qualification accompliſhes the Gentleman; makes the Poor, rich; the Baſe-born, noble; the Deformed, beautiful; the Weak, ſtrong; the moſt Miſerable, happy. There are two principal and peculiar Gifts in Nature, *Knowledge* and *Reaſon*; the one commands, the other obeys: Theſe excellent Things neither the Change of Fortune, nor the Artifices of Men, nor old Age itſelf, can deface or deſtroy. Knowledge waxes ſtronger by Age; Time cannot touch it with his Sickle. War, which ſweeps all Things away like a Whirlpool, muſt leave Learning behind it untouch'd. Therefore, when *Demetrius*, having conquer'd a City, and levell'd it with the Ground, ask'd *Stilpo* the Philoſopher, Whether he had loſt any Thing in the great Plunder and Havock? he wiſely anſwer'd, *No*; for *War gets no Spoil of Virtue.*

Socrates being ask'd by *Gorgias*, Whether he thought the *Perſian* King happy, or no? anſwer'd, *I know not how much Virtue and Diſcipline he's endu'd*

with; for Happineſs conſiſts not in the Gifts of Fortun, but in the Practice of Virtue.

For this Reaſon would I have Youth brought up in a Place renown'd for Learning, void of ill Manners, not corrupted with Vice; that ſeeing no vain Delights, they may the more eaſily abſtain from licentious Deſires.

To be ſilent and diſcreet in Company, though many think it a Matter of no great Importance; yet it is very requiſite for young Men, and as neceſſary for my *Ephœbus*. It was never prejudicial for any Man to hold his Peace; but Talking freely has ruin'd many a Blab; for what is once told, is no longer our own. Nature has doubly barr'd up the Tongue within our Teeth and our Lips, and plac'd it far from the Heart. This ſhould perſwade us to be prudently ſilent, ſince thoſe who uſe much Clack, are ſeldom or never believ'd.

Exceſſive Wine therefore is to be much refrain'd, which is call'd the Looking-Glaſs of the Mind. 'Tis an old Proverb, *Whatever is in the Heart of a ſober Man, is in the Mouth of a Drunkard.* *Bias* being very ſilent once at a Feaſt, was call'd Fool by a Tatler; *for*, ſay he, *is there any wiſe Man can hold his Tongue amidſt ſo much Wine?* To which *Bias* anſwer'd, *There is no Fool can.*

A Gentleman in *Athens* invited the King's Legates to a coſtly and ſumptuous Banquet, where he alſo aſſembled many Philoſophers; and talking of divers Matters, both concerning the *Commonwealth* and Learning, *Zeno* was the only Man of the Company that ſaid nothing: Upon which, the Ambaſſadors ask'd, What they ſhould ſay of him to the King? He anſwer'd, That *there was an old Man in* Athens *who could eat and drink, and ſay nothing in his Cups.* But it is more remarkable yet, that

Zeno,

Zeno, becauſe he would not be forc'd to reveal any thing againſt his Will, bit off his Tongue, and ſpit it in the Face of the Tyrant.

Let Children, when they can govern themſelves from over-much Tittle-tattle, be admoniſh'd to ſpeak nothing but the *Truth* upon any account; *Lying is a Vice not to be ſuffer'd in a Slave, much leſs in a Son.*

I would not have any Youth ambitious to pleaſe a Multitude, for then he will be ſure to diſpleaſe the Wiſe: They, who flatter rude and undiſciplin'd People with Ill Manners to oblige them, loſe their own Honeſty in purſuit of Popularity and vulgar Honour. When I was a Student in *Athens*, it was thought very commendable for a young Scholar to make an Oration *extempore*; but, in my Opinion, it ought to be condemn'd; for whatever is done raſhly, is generally rude, and unpoliſh'd for want of Thinking: He who ſpeaks without any Premeditation, knows neither where to begin, nor where to end; but falling into a babbling Vein, either utters thoſe Things which in Modeſty he ought to have conceal'd, or forgets, in the Labyrinth of his Brain, what he would have ſaid without Confuſion.

An Oration penn'd and premeditated, keeps within the Bounds of a juſt *Decorum*. *Pericles* being often call'd upon by the People to plead, anſwer'd, That he was not ready or prepar'd. *Demoſthenes*, being ſent for to declaim among the Multitude, ſaid, I am not yet provided for their Hearing.

In his Invective againſt *Midas*, he ſeems to praiſe the Uſefulneſs and Advantage of Premeditation: *I confeſs*, ſays he, *ye Athenians! that I have ſtudied, and conſider'd deeply with myſelf, what to ſpeak; for I might be reckon'd ridiculous, if without*

due

due Conſideration, I ſhould make an unadviſed Harangue to the People. I ſpeak not this to condemn the Exerciſe of Wit, but that young Scholars may not practiſe it in Publick 'till they are grown up to the Maturity of Age and Eloquence: Inſomuch that through great Exerciſe and good Memory, they can readily conceive Things, and expreſs their Minds upon any Subject: For then indeed this Way of ſpeaking *extempore*, gives Admiration and Delight to the Auditory, as well as it brings ſingular Praiſe and Commendation to the Orator. As he who has been long fetter'd, will certainly halt afterwards when releas'd; ſo he that has been us'd to a ſtrict Way of Pleading, when he comes to ſpeak *extempore*, will as ſurely retain ſome of his former Reſtraints and Impreſſions. But whoever teaches Youth to ſpeak *extempore* by Precept, will in time bring them to a Meanneſs of Style, and an immoderate Humility of Expreſſion.

A Painter brought *Apelles* to the Counterfeit of a Face in a Table, ſaying, *I drew this even now. Apelles* anſwer'd, *Had you ſaid nothing, I ſhould have judg'd it done on a ſudden: I wonder, in the ſame time, you did not paint many more of 'em.*

I would have a tragical and ſtately Style ſhun'd as well as a low, mean, vulgar, familiar and fantaſtical one: This ſwelling kind of Bombaſt, has little Modeſty in it, and the other ſtrikes not the Paſſions, nor moves the Attention.

Plain and familiar I would not have an Oration in every part, without the Adornment of fine Figures, or the Interſperſion of choice Phraſes; for this makes it tedious to the Hearers, as well as argues little Learning, and leſs Eloquence in the Orator.

He

He ſhould likewiſe ſpeak of many Things with Variety, and not always harp upon one String. What more pleaſing or diverting than Muſick? and yet if we play one Tune often in the ſame Key, or ſtrike continually upon one Note, it loſes all its Harmony, becomes diſagreeable to the cloy'd Senſe, and proves as ungrateful to the Ear as the Scraping of a Gridiron. It is Variety delights the Mind, and refreſhes the Memory: To dwell long upon the ſame Subject, fatigues the Senſes, and dulls the Underſtanding; 'tis more eaſy to remember ſeveral ſhort and Home-diſcourſes upon different Heads, than one tedious drowſy Harangue upon the ſame Thing. A vain Repetition of what has been once ſaid, deſerves Correction for its Fulſomneſs.

Homer would ſay, *He loath'd to repeat one Thing twice, though never ſo pleaſant or profitable.* The faireſt Noſegay is compoſed of many Flowers; the fineſt Picture, of ſeveral Colours: And therefore it becomes Youth not only to ſearch out the hard *Queſtions* of *Philoſophers*, but alſo the intricate Mazes of the *Law*; as well to know the Numbers of *Arithmeticians*, as the Quibbles of the *Logicians*; the Crotchets of *Muſicians*, as well as the Conceits of the *Poets*; nay, to have an Inſight into univerſal Knowledge, that they may be able to talk of any Thing to purpoſe.

He, who has a Garden, ſows as well the Leek as the Lilly; ſo he who has a ready and penetrating Wit, let him ſtudy the ſacred Knowlege of Divinity, as well as the Depth of the profoundeſt Philoſophy; that he may reap Profit by the one, and Pleaſure by the other, and ſatisfy his Conſcience as well as content his Mind.

There

There is among Men a threefold Life: The *Active* is about *Civil Functions*, and Adminiſtrations; the *Speculative* is a continual *Meditation*, and thoughtful *Study*; the third is the Life moſt commonly led, that is a *Lewd, Idle, and Vain Courſe of Life:* Now if the *Active* be void of *Philoſophy*, it is an *Idle Life*, or at leaſt ill employ'd, which is worſe: If the *Contemplative* Life is ſeparated from the *Active*, it is unprofitable, and of no effect.

I would therefore have a Youth ſo employ himſelf, that he may be exerciſed as well in the Commonwealth for the Publick Good, as privately buſied for his own Improvement; for thus did *Pericles* beſtow his Time with Applauſe.

As to his Study, firſt let him follow *Philoſophy*, as the moſt ancient and excellent Application of the Mind: For as 'tis pleaſant to travel through many fair Cities, but more pleaſant to dwell in the fineſt; ſo to read many Hiſtories, and learn many Arts, is diverting; but to lodge as it were with Philoſophy itſelf, is more delightful and profitable.

It was wittily ſaid of *Bion* the Philoſopher, That as the Wooers of *Penelope*, when they could not have her charming Company, addreſs'd to her Handmaids; ſo they, who cannot attain to the Knowledge of *Philoſophy*, commonly apply themſelves to the meaneſt and moſt contemptible Purſuits. *Philoſophy* is as the Princeſs of all *Sciences*; and they are her Handmaids.

There are two Things convenient for the Curing and Keeping in Temper the Body, *Phyſick* and *Exerciſe*; but nothing can heal the Diſeaſes of the Soul, except *Philoſophy:* By this we diſtinguiſh between Honeſty and Diſhoneſty, Right and Wrong, Vice and Virtue. By this we learn

to

to obey our Parents, honour Magiſtrates, love our Friends, reverence our Elders, entertain Strangers, live lovingly with our Wives, and uſe our Servants handſomly; how to obey God, chooſe Friends, and nouriſh our Children: And, what is moſt noble at laſt, how we ſhould avoid *Pride* in Proſperity, and Penſiveneſs in Adverſity, and curb the Emotions of Anger.

But here I cannot help lamenting *Athens*; which, having been the very Nurſery of Philoſophers in former Ages, now nouriſhes only the Name of Philoſophy: For who does not ſee the Diſorders of *Athens*? ſuch Dicing and Carding; ſuch Guzling and Drunkenneſs; ſuch Dallying with Women, that no common Sot in *Flanders* is ſo given to Tippling, no Courtier in *Italy* ſo addicted to Rioting; no Creature in the World ſo deluded or debauch'd as a Student in *Athens*. Such Confuſion is there in all Degrees, that the Scholar knows not his Duty to the Batchelor, nor the Batchelor to the Maſter, nor the Maſter to the Doctor. Such Corruption of Manners, ſuch Contempt of Magiſtrates, ſuch open Vices, and private Villanies; ſuch loud Quarrelling in the Streets, ſuch lewd Practices in Chambers, as make my Heart melt with Sorrow to think of, and ſhould grieve you to remember.

Who knows a Student by his Habit, Hat, or Dreſs for the Head? Is there any ſuch of ſo indecent a Faſhion? Any Clothes ſo fantaſtically made, or ſo coſtly? Any Attire ſo ſtrange or ridiculous, that is not worn by the foppiſh Scholars?

Have they not, inſtead of black Cloth, black Velvet? For ordinary Stuffs, fine Silks? Are they not more like Courtiers than Scholars?

More like Stage-Players of *Naples*, than Students of *Athens*?

I wiſh they did not imitate other Nations in the Vices of the Mind alſo, as well as in the Attire of the Body: In ſhort, as there is no Country whoſe Faſhion they follow not, ſo is there no Sin ſo ſtrange they practiſe not with the Mode. In *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* never was more Filthineſs; never more Pride in *Rome*; more Lying in *Crete*; more Idolatry in *Egypt*, than is at this Day propagated in *Athens*: Never ſuch *Diviſions* among the Heathens, ſuch *Schiſms* among the *Turks*, ſuch Infidelity and Irreligion among Soldiers, as now among the Scholars at *Athens*. Are there not many who believe there is no God, no Redemption, no Reſurrection?

What Shame it is, Gentlemen, that a Place ſo renown'd for good Learning, ſhould be ſo infamous for ill Lives? That where the greateſt Profeſſion of Knowledge is, there ſhould be the leaſt Practice of Honeſty.

I have read of many *Univerſities*, as of *Padua* in *Italy*, *Paris* in *France*, *Wittenberg* in *Germany*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* in *England*; which, if they were half ſo bad as *Athens*, they would be intolerable.

Alas, Gentlemen! what can be expected, if the *Univerſities* of *Chriſtendom*, which ſhould be the Eyes, the Lights, and the Salt of the World, are damp'd by Laſciviouſneſs, extinguiſh'd by Pride, and have loſt their Savour by Impiety?

Don't People rather chuſe any other Way of Education for their Children, than ſending them to the Univerſity; for, there, they find them but little improv'd in their Learning, and much worſe in their Lives, than when they went thither;

ther; not only prodigal in their Expences, but void of good Manners, which made a ſimple Woman in *Greece* thus exclaim againſt *Athens*; *The Maſter and Scholar, Tutor and Pupil, are well agreed; for one cares not how little Pains he takes for his Money, nor the other how little Learning he acquires by the Expence of Time.*

When the *Panathenæa* were celebrated in *Athens*, an old Man, going to take a Place, was rejected with Mockery; but at laſt coming among the *Lacedæmonians*, all the Youth gave him place, which the *Athenians* applauded: Upon which, one of the *Spartans* cry'd, *Truly the* Athenians *know what ſhould be done, but never do it.*

One of the *Lacedæmonians* being ſome time in *Athens*, and ſeeing nothing there but Dancing, Gaming, and licentious Behaviour, upon his return Home, he was ask'd, How all Things ſtood in *Athens*? he anſwer'd, *All Things were lawful and honourable.* Meaning, that the *Athenians* accounted all Things good and nothing bad, how much ſoever contrary to their Duty.

How ſuch Abuſes might be redreſs'd in foreign Univerſities, eſpecially in *Athens*, it ſhould quickly be known, had I either Authority ſufficient to command it, or Credit enough to perſwade thoſe whoſe Buſineſs it is to make a Reformation.

And until I find theſe Irregularities reform'd in *Athens*, my *Ephœbus* ſhall not be educated there. I have ſpoken all this to you, Gentlemen, that you may ſee how the degenerate Philoſophers in *Athens* practiſe nothing leſs than *Philoſophy*. What Scholar is now ſo zealouſly ſtudious at his Book as *Chryſippus*? who, if his Maid *Meliſſa* had not thruſt Meat into his Mouth, would have periſh'd with Hunger through his Eagerneſs of Study?

Who ſo watchful as *Ariſtotle*, that going to Bed would have a Ball of Braſs in his Hand, which, if he ſlumber'd, might fall and wake him to his laborious Lucubrations? No, no, *the Times are changed*, as *Ovid* ſays, *and we are changed with the Times*. Let us therefore, every one, endeavour to reform one, and we ſhall all ſoon be glorious Converts; and as we ſee by Learning, what we ſhould be, ſo let us live up to our Knowledge; then ſhall *Athens* flouriſh, and the Students be had in great Eſteem for adjuſting their Practice to their Principles.

But to return to our *Ephœbus*.

We muſt conſider that our Life is divided into Study and *Remiſſion*; for as there is Watching, ſo there is Sleep; as there is *Winter*, ſo is there *Summer*; as there are many Working Days, ſo are there many Holy Days, and a Time to unbend the Mind: *Eaſe is the Sauce of Labour*.

For the Exerciſe of his Body, I would have a Youth permitted to recreate at ſuch Times, when his Mind is fatigued with *Study*; leſt, by dulling his Brain with continual *Poring* and *Induſtry*, he become unfit to conceive Things readily, and loſe the Quickneſs of Apprehenſion: Beſides, Intermiſſion keeps in order the *Compoſition* and natural *Strength* of the Body, invigorates the Mind, and revives the moſt fainting Idea's. A good Conſtitution of Body lays a ſure Foundation for old Age: As in the fair *Summer* we repair all Things neceſſary for the cold-coming Winter; ſo good Manners in Youth, and lawful Exerciſe, with moderate Recreation, are, as it were, the Food and Nouriſhment of our Health againſt the approaching Days of Declenſion; yet however, our Labours and Paſtimes are ſo diſcreetly to be temper'd, that the Body may not be more weakned by

by Sporting, than it would have been by Study; nor the Limbs more tir'd and languid by immoderate Exerciſe, than by Learning. *Plato* ſays, *The greateſt Enemies to Diſcipline, are too much Labour and Sleep:* So that Moderation is beſt.

It is requiſite alſo Youth ſhould be expert in Martial Affairs; in Shooting, Darting, and Fencing; and he may likewiſe Hawk or Hunt, ſometimes, for his Paſtime and Diverſion.

But if, after this Liberty, he grow regardleſs of his Books, I would not have him corrected with Severity, but reſtrain'd by gentle Words of good Advice; not puniſh'd with Blows like Servants, who the more they are beaten, the leſs they value it, and the better they bear it. Children of a good Diſpoſition are incited to Virtue by Praiſe, or ſham'd out of Vice by Diſpraiſe; thoſe of an obſtinate Temper, are neither to be perſwaded by fair Words, nor reform'd by Severity. They muſt ſometimes be check'd with ſharp Rebukes, then admoniſh'd with kind Words; now threatned a Puniſhment, then again promis'd a Reward; and be dealt with as Nurſes do with their Babes, when they have once made them cry, they preſently proffer 'em the Breaſt.

Great Care is to be taken not to praiſe him above meaſure, leſt he grow conceited upon it, and obſtinate in his own Opinion. If a Child be of a ſharp Wit, and good Capacity, take heed not to overload him with too weighty Things: Some Fathers, obſerving the ſprightly *Genius*, and quick Apprehenſions of their Sons, are often very deſirous they ſhould out-ſtrip their Fellows; and, to that end, lay ſuch a Burden of continual large Exerciſes upon 'em, as ſinks their Spirits under the Weight: For as Plants are nouriſh'd with a little moderate Rain, and yet drown'd with too much;

much; ſo the Mind becomes more Fertile with indifferent Labour, but with too much Study is made Fruitleſs. However I would have the Memory of Children exercis'd, as the greateſt furtherance to Learning that can be. For this cauſe the Ancients feigned Memory to be the Mother of Perfection.

But now let us conſider, whether thoſe are to be made Companions with Children, who Love and Indulge them entirely for their Good, or whether they are to be baniſh'd their Converſation.

When I find many Fathers more Cruel to their Children, than Careful of their Society; not allowing thoſe who love their Children beſt, to be about them; I am in ſome Doubt, what Counſel or Direction to give: But when I call to Mind *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and all thoſe Philoſophers that have ſo much commended the Excellent Merit of thoſe Maſters, who have Educated many Young Gentlemen to *Reaſon* and *Piety*; then am I encouraged to Imitate thoſe Noble Maſters of Inſtruction, whoſe applauded Profeſſion and Judgment warrant the Truth of my Precepts.

If any Maſter, or Companion, Loves the Child only for his comely Countenance; this Perſon would I have baniſh'd from his Converſation or Attendance, as a moſt dangerous, infectious, and illiterate Deluder: But if he Love him for his Father's Sake, upon the Account of his Honourable Family, or his own Qualities; this Attendant I would have always with him, to overlook, obſerve and influence his Manners.

As to his Society: Keep him, above all Things, from the *Flatterer*; for I muſt aſſert, in ſhort, there is no Beaſt ſo deſtructive as a *Flatterer*; none will ſooner Ruin Son, Father, Eſtate and all, than a diſſembling Sycophant.

When

When the Father adviſes the Son to be Sober, the Flatterer Incites him to Drunkenneſs; when the Father Counſels him to be Continent, the Flatterer Allures him to Luſt; when the Father Admoniſhes him to be Frugal, the Flatterer Entices him to Prodigality; when the Father Encourages him to be Induſtrious, the Flatterer lays a Cuſhion under his Elbow, to make him Idle; bidding him Eat, Drink and be Merry, as an *Epicure*, for the Life of Man is ſoon gone, it is like a ſwift paſſing Shadow: And ſince we have but a ſhort Time to Live, who would be us'd like a Servant always under a Curb or Reſtraint, and who would be an Humble Slave to his imperious Money? They tell them Tempting Tales; their Fathers are Old and Doat thro' Age; who, tho' they would keep them from a Merry, Gay, and Pleaſant Life, 'tis not to be doubted but they purſued the like Liberties and Pleaſures themſelves, when they were Young.

From hence proceeds the General Extravagancy of Youth; who, while they liſten to theſe ſeducing *Sycophants*, miſtake them for their Real Friends, and ſpend their All upon them; being led into every Luxurious Vice, by their enſnaring Perſwaſions and Example. 'Tis theſe Wretches teach them to deſpiſe and ridicule their indulgent Parents; to Haunt the Stews, and to Marry without Conſideration. Theſe are thoſe Monſters, that Live by the Trenchers of Young Gentlemen; Soothing them in all their Actions or Diſcourſe, tho' never ſo Falſe or Indiſcreet; that uphold them in all their Debauches, tho' never ſo Baſe: Theſe are they, in fine, who fatally inviegle Youth, and Subject them to every Beck of their Spunging Deſigns, and even make them Slaves, at laſt, by their own Free-will.

If

If there be any Father therefore, that would have his Children brought up Honeſtly and Soberly, let him utterly proſcribe theſe cajoling *Panthers*; which have a Sweet Smell indeed, but are of a devouring Nature.

But now having ſaid almoſt every Thing ſufficient for the regular Education of Youth; I ſhall ſpeak a few Words, how he ſhould be farther trained, when he grows up more towards the Maturity of Reaſon in Years.

I cannot but diſapprove the Methods of ſome Parents, who appoint Tutors for their Children in their Tender Age, and ſuffer them when they come to be Young Men, to have the Bridle in their own Hands; not conſidering, that this is the Time requires rather a ſtrict Rein, than a looſe Bit; being far more ſubject to Corruption and Licentiouſneſs, than Childhood.

The Faults of Children, as they are ſmall, are ſoon amended; either with frightning Threats, or fair Promiſes. But the Life and Actions and wicked Pranks of a corrupt Youth are of a higher Nature; and as their Paſſions are more Strong and Impetuous, ſo they are hurry'd on to greater Degrees of Iniquity: For 'tis rare to ſee a Youthfull Spark, who is inclinable to Vice, that gives not a full Swing to his looſe Appetite; he looks upon Reaſon as a Priſon to the Senſes; and Moderation, as a Shackle, that confines his wandring, lewd Deſires, within too narrow Limits. He is commonly led away, by the ill Examples of others, to Delicacy in Dyet, Prodigality in Expence, Dicing, Dancing and Drunkenneſs, Deflow'ring of Virgins, Debauching of Wives, committing Adulteries, and approving of thoſe Things as Honeſt, which are moſt Agreeable to his vicious and deprav'd Appetite.

Due

Due Regard therefore is to be had, to cool the Heat of their Luſt and Paſſion; for when once a Youngman is Fondly enſlav'd to his own Lewd Inclinations, it will be hard for him, ever to become Maſter of himſelf again. Wiſe Parents ſhould Frame the Minds of their Sons to Modeſty whilſt they are Young, either by generous Promiſes or ſevere Practices; by ſhewing them, either the unhappy Ends and miſerable Lives of the Headſtrong and Vicious Extravagants, or the Quiet and Honourable Condition of thoſe, who have lived a Sober and Regular Life, and kept themſelves within the due Bounds of Humane Reaſon; always reckoning upon theſe two Things as the glorious Enſigns of Vertue, *the Hope of Honour, and the Fear of Puniſhment.*

But Parents are to take particular Heed, that their Children keep not Company with thoſe that are notorious for Immoral Lives and Laſcivious Behaviour. This *Pythagoras* ſeems to Hint obſcurely, when he Adviſes:

Firſt, *Abſtain from the Taſt of ſuch Things as have black Tails*; that is, uſe not the Converſation of thoſe, whoſe Corrupt Manners do as it were make their Lives Black: *Go not above the Ballance*; that is, Reverence Juſtice, Lean not to Partiality either out of Fear or Flattery: *Live not in Idleneſs*; that is, Abhor Sloth: *Shake not every Man by the Hand*; that is, Contract not Friendſhip with all Perſons: *Wear not a ſtrait Ring*; that is, lead your Life ſo that it need not be fetter'd with Chains: *Bring not Fire to the Slaughter*; that is, provoke not the Paſſionate with Angry Words. *Eat not your own Heart*; that is, Vex not yourſelf with Melancholy Thoughts, Pine not with Care or Grief: *Abſtain from Beans*; that is, meddle not with Civil Affairs or the Buſineſs of the

Commonwealth, for in Days of old the Election of Magiſtrates was by plucking of Beans: *Put not your Meat in Scapio*; that is, Talk not of good Manners or Virtue to thoſe whoſe Minds are infected with Corruption and Vice: *Retire not when you are come to the End of your Race*; that is, when we are at the Point of Death, we muſt not be very deſirous of longer Life, but freely yield up to Nature, and pay the Debt we owe.

I would have Parents with Mildneſs forgive ſlight Offences, and remember that they themſelves were formerly Young, and had their *Foibles*: For as the *Phyſician*, by mixing Bitter Poiſons with Sweet Cordials, brings Health to the Body; ſo the Father by ſharp Reproofs, well ſeaſon'd with kind Looks and gentle Words, cauſes a Redreſs and Amendment in the Child. If the Father be Angry upon a reaſonable Provocation, yet let him not continue his Rage too long after a Reprimand; it is better he ſhould ſoon be Angry, than hard to be pleas'd again: For when the Son perceives his Father has conceiv'd rather a Hatred againſt him, than a ſudden Heat; being deſtitute of all Hopes of Reconciliation, he becomes Deſperate, not regarding either his Father's Anger, or his own Duty, upon the Hardneſs of his Heart.

Let them diſſemble their Knowlege of ſome Levities or Peccadillo's; and in ſeeing them, not to ſee, or hearing them not to hear, for we can eaſily forgive the Offences of our Friends tho' never ſo great; and ſhall we not Pardon the ſlips of our Children tho' never ſo ſmall? We bear often with the Failings of our Servants, and ſhall we not ſometimes have Patience with our Sons? *The tractable Jennet is ruled as ſoon with a Wand as a Spur*; and the wildeſt Child may be as well

well corrected with Words as Blows: Beating only hardens the Refractory.

If your Son be ſo Obſtinate and Headſtrong, as to rebel againſt you, and is not to be reclaim'd by Fear of Puniſhment, or Hope of Reward; then ſeek ſome Honeſt Marriage for him, ſuitable to his Degree as well as Mind; for Matrimony is the ſureſt Bond of Youth, and ſtrongeſt Chain to Fetter his Affection from going Aſtray; in ſhort, there's nothing like Wedlock, to keep a Man from Wandring. Yet let his Wife be ſuch a one, as is not much above him, either in Birth or Fortune; but chooſe ſuch a Paramour, in every Point, as near as may be his Equal; for they who require great Dowries, without theſe Qualifications, rather Marry the Money, than the Woman.

In the laſt place, let me perſwade Fathers above all Things to Set, by their diſcreet Counſel, good Temper, Sober way of Living, ſuch an Example as is fit for their Children's Imitation; ſo that they ſeeing in their Parents, as it were in a Looking-Glaſs, the Perfection of good Manners and wiſe Conduct, may be encourag'd to practiſe the like Virtues: Children will Copy after their Parents. In vain does any Man Correct his Child for the ſame Fault he himſelf is guilty of; for the Son will never ſuppoſe, that is a Crime in himſelf, which his Father practiſes; but rather Condemn him of Injuſtice and Cruelty, in puniſhing his own Child for no Offence, or for a very trivial one, traduc'd from his Parent. Beſides, does not the detecting his Son's Fault diſcover his own; and Betray an Hypocrital Severity, in condemning that Crime in another which he himſelf commits without Regret? If the Father commonly Swear, the Son

will not be afraid of an Oath; if given to Drunkenneſs, his Son will not very cautiouſly abſtain from Wine, or ſhun Exceſs. Age ought always to be a Pattern to teach Youth their Duty; for where old Age is lewd, there Youth will certainly be impudent and immodeſt; and where the Father has no Grace or Gravity, the Son will be as light and graceleſs, and alſo plead Authority for't.

The Sum of all the Inſtructions I have given for the Education of my *Ephœbus*, are briefly theſe:

That he may be of honeſt Parents, nurs'd by his Mother, brought up in ſuch a Place as is neither noted for corrupt Air nor Manners; with ſuch a Perſon as hath the Character of a good Life, great Zeal, profound Knowledge, and abſolute Perfection in his Morals; that he be well inſtructed in *Philoſophy*, and have a conſiderable Taſt of all *Sciences*; whereby he may readily diſpute any Point of Controverſy; that his Body be kept in full Strength by honeſt Exerciſe; that his Wit and Memory be invigorated by diligent Study; that he abandon all Allurements to Vice, and continually incline to Virtue; that his Parents take Care to incite him to Sobriety by their good Example, as well as deter him from Extravagancy and all Wickedneſs, by ſhewing him the Misfortunes, and diſmal Events, of a contrary Life.

And now, I hope, when my Youth is thus educated, that if ever *Plato*'s Commonwealth flouriſhes again, *Ephœbus* will have the Honour of being a commendable Citizen; that if *Ariſtotle* find there is any happy Man in the World, it will be my Pupil; and if *Tully* confeſs any Perſon a compleat Orator, it will be my accompliſh'd Youth.

Give me Leave here, Gentlemen, to exhort you all to Induſtry; to apply your Minds to the

Study

Study of *Philoſophy*: Be not carried away with vain Delights; travel not into far Countries, where you ſhall learn more Vice than Virtue; be not too coſtly in your Apparel, or fond of every new Faſhion.

Caſt not your Eyes on the Beauty of Women, leſt your Hearts ſhould be decoy'd to Folly: Let not any fond *Amour* infect your Minds or your Morals; for as a Sinew once cut, though heal'd, will ſtill retain a Scar; or as fine Linen ſtain'd with black Ink, though waſh'd often, will have an Iron-mold: So the Mind once wounded by the Torments of a Love-Paſſion, though never ſo well cured by Reaſon, will ſtill carry the Impreſſion of ſome inward Weakneſs and evil Inclination, by which it may be plainly perceiv'd that it ſuffer'd by the Force of Affection, was worſted in the Engagement, and brought off nothing but Marks of Diſgrace.

Refrain from Playing at Dice, which caus'd *Pyrrhus* to be ſtruck to the Heart; and from Dancing, which was the Means whereby St. *John Baptiſt* loſt his Head: Not that I diſallow all honeſt and moderate Uſe of thoſe Recreations; though I utterly deteſt the vile Abuſes of them.

I ſpeak the more boldly, becauſe I know you whom I addreſs to: I know what *Athens* has been, what *Athens* is; and what *Athens* ſhall be, I can eaſily gueſs, without a Reformation. Let not every Ale-houſe in *Athens* be as much frequented as your Chamber: Reſort not to thoſe Places; where, out of a Deſire of partaking of Delicacies, indulging yourſelf with Dainties, or of meeting youthful Companions, you will be oblig'd both to ſpend your Money vainly, and your Time idly: But rather imitate the great *Ariſtotle*, who

was

was never ſeen in the Company of thoſe Wantons, that paſs'd away their Time in a thoughtleſs Purſuit of ſenſual Pleaſures.

Nothing is ſwifter than Time, nothing more precious; and yet we have not, as *Seneca* ſays, ſo little Time to live, but we loſe much of it by our own Idleneſs; nor have we ſo ſhort a Life neither by Nature, but we make it far ſhorter yet by our own irregular Way of living. Our Life is long enough if we knew but how to make a right Uſe of it: Follow *Apelles*, that expert and wiſe Painter, who would let no Day paſs without a Line.

It was well ſaid of *Heſiod*, *Let us endeavour by Reaſon to excel Beaſts, ſeeing by Nature they excel Men*; though ſtrictly ſpeaking, it is not ſo; for Man is endued with a Rational and Immortal Soul: But yet as touching the Perfection of the Senſes in their ſeveral Kinds, it is moſt certain and true. Does not the Lion, for Strength; the Turtle, for Love; and the Ant, for Labour, excel Man? Let us endeavour therefore to excel in Virtue of Mind, ſince in Qualities of the Body we are inferiour to Beaſts.

Here let me once more earneſtly intreat you to be modeſt in your Behaviour; to be dutiful to your Superiors and Elders, and to be diligent in your Daily Studies. I was lately in *Italy*, where my Ears glow'd, and my Heart was griev'd to hear of the violent Abuſes that reign rampant in *Athens*. I know not whether thoſe ſcandalous Reports aroſe from the lewd and lying Lips of the Ignorant, who are always Enemies to Learning, or they ſprung from the Relations of ſuch as ſaw them practis'd, and were heartily ſorry for their Commiſſion.

How-

However, it was there publickly reported by an old Man in *Naples*, that there was more Lightneſs, or Levity of Humour in *Athens*, than in all *Italy*; more Wantons amongſt the Sholars there, than in all *Europe* beſides; more Atheiſts, Deiſts, Arians, Socinians, Barbarians, more *Sects*, more *Schiſms*, took their Riſe from *Athens*, than in all the Monarchies through all the World: Which reflecting Stories, though I believe they are not abſolutely true, yet I cannot but lament they ſhould be thus confidently ſpread Abroad; and, I fear, ſome of 'em are not altogether falſe or groundleſs; for there can be no ſuch ſtrong Report, without ſome Grounds for Suſpicion, or Occaſion given for the Reflection.

Frame therefore your Lives to ſuch a Standard of Integrity, your Studies to the Attaining of ſuch a Degree of Perfection, that neither the Malice of the Envious, nor the idle Reports of the Ignorant, may be able to blemiſh your Reputation, by accuſing your Lives either of looſe Conduct, or erroneous Belief.

The greateſt Torment to the *Invidious*, will be for you to do well; the greateſt Vexation to the *Ignorant*, will be for you to increaſe in Knowledge: The greateſt Comfort you can afford your Parents, will be for you to lead ſober Lives, and to improve your Learning: And the chiefeſt Service you can do your Native Country, in fine, will be for you Students to beſtow that Talent wiſely, which was given you by God Almighty's Grace.

And here I cannot chooſe but give you that wholeſom Counſel, an old Man in *Naples* once preſcrib'd to myſelf; though I had neither Grace to follow it, nor Inclination to hearken to it at that Time; deſiring you not to reject it at this Juncture, becauſe I formerly deſpiſed it to my

own

own Diſadvantage. It was thus, as far as I can remember, Word for Word:

Deſcend into your own Boſom, and conſider the great Difference between Staring and Stark-blind, Wit *and* Wiſdom, Love *and* Luſt; *be merry, but with Modeſty; be ſober, but not too ſullen; be valiant, but not too ventrous: Let your Attire be comely, but not coſtly; your Diet wholeſome, but not extravagant: Uſe Paſtime as the Word importeth, to paſs away the Time in honeſt Recreation; miſtruſt no Man without Cauſe, nor be too credulous without Proof: Be not light to follow every Man's Opinion, or obſtinate to ſtand in your own Conceit; ſerve, love, and fear God, and he will bleſs you, as your Heart can wiſh, or Friends deſire. And ſo I conclude my Counſel, intreating you to follow it.*

This was his grave and good Advice, whoſe Counſel I would have you to follow; frequent Lectures, uſe Diſputations openly, neglect not your private Studies; let not Degrees be given for Favour, but for Merit; not for Money, but for Learning: And for the greater Incouragement to follow my Advice, I will be, as it were, an Example, deſiring you all to imitate me.

Finis Ephœbi.

Euphues, having ended his Diſcourſe, and finiſh'd thoſe Precepts which he thought neceſſary for the Inſtruction of Youth, gave his Mind to the continual Study of Philoſophy, ſo that he became Publick Reader in the *Univerſity*; and gain'd ſuch Commendation, as none ever acquir'd before him: Thus he continu'd the Space of ten Years

Years only, ſearching out the Secrets of Nature, the hidden Myſteries of Philoſophy; and having collected into three Volumes his Lectures, thought, for the Profit of young Sholars, to ſet them forth in Print; which had he done, I would alſo have inſerted them in this; but he, altering his Deſign, enter'd into this Diſcourſe with himſelf:

What, *Euphues!* are you ſo delighted with the Study of *Philoſophy* as to have forgot the God who made you? Shall your Wit be employ'd to the Attaining Humane Knowledge rather than Divine? Is *Ariſtotle* dearer to you with his Books, than Chriſt with his moſt precious Blood? What Comfort can you find in Philoſophy for your guilty Conſcience? What Hope of the *Reſurrection*? What Glad-tidings of the *Goſpel*?

Conſider with yourſelf, you're a Gentleman; yet a *Gentile*, and worſe than a *Jew* if you neglect your Calling: Some Gentlemen are miſerably miſtaken, who imagine it a Blot on their Gentility, to read or practiſe Divinity; they think it ſufficient, now a-days, for their Felicity, to Ride well, to Hawk or Hunt, and to have a Smack of *Philoſophy*; neither thinking of the Beginning of Wiſdom, or the End, which is *Chriſt*; but account Divinity moſt contemptible, which ought to be moſt eſteem'd. Without this, there is no *Philoſopher*, be he never ſo learned; no *King*, no *Cæſar*, be he never ſo Royal in Birth, Politick in Peace, or Expert in War; no Mortal, though ever ſo Rich, but is to be deteſted and abhorred.

Farewel therefore the fine Phraſe of *Cicero*, the pleaſant Elogies of *Ovid*, the profound Knowledge of *Ariſtotle*: Farewel *Philoſophy*, farewel all Learning which ſprings not from the *Holy Bible*. O! I wiſh, Gentlemen, you would a little ſe-

queſter yourſelves from your Pleaſures, and ſearch the Heavenly and Divine Myſteries.

How common it is, and how lamentable to ſee Youth, who have the Gifts of Nature, as a ſharp Wit, or of Fortune, as a ſufficient Eſtate to maintain them, employ one in the vain Inventions of *Love*, and ſquander away the other in the vile Bravery of *Pride*; the one in a fond Deſire and the Praiſe of their Ladies, and the other in a coſtly Attire, and the Purſuit of their Luſt?

Hence comes it, that ſuch vain Sonnets, ſuch lewd and enticing Songs are publiſh'd, to the Surprize of the World, and the Grief of the Modeſt. I myſelf know none have been more addicted to theſe Things than myſelf; who have been ſo ſuperſtitious as to think, no Heaven like the Paradiſe of Love, no Angel to be compared to my Miſtreſs; but as Reaſon has caus'd me to repent, and to deteſt ſuch vain Delights, ſo Wiſdom has open'd to me the perfect Gate of eternal Life.

I myſelf once thought, that in Divinity there was no Eloquence to imitate, no pleaſant Inventions to follow, no fine Phraſe to delight me; but now I ſee, that in the ſacred Knowledge of God's Will lies the chiefeſt Eloquence, the moſt delicate Phraſe; the Teſtament of our Salvation; and that without this, Learning is Ignorance; Wiſdom is Folly; Wit, Bluntneſs; Juſtice, Iniquity; Eloquence, Barbariſm; and Beauty, Deformity. I will therefore ſpend the Remainder of my Days in Studying the *Old Teſtament*; wherein is prefigured the Coming of my Saviour; and the *New*, wherein he ſuffers for my Sins, and is Crucified for my Redemption; whoſe bitter Agonies ſhould cauſe every good Chriſtian to vent

Floods

Floods of Tears in Remembrance of his Paſſion, and ought to raiſe in every true Catholick a ſincere and unfeigned Repentance.

Euphues, having thus diſcours'd with himſelf, abandon'd all vain, idle, and looſe Company; all Diſputations in the Schools of Philoſophy, and entirely applied his Study to the ſacred Knowledge of Divinity.

LETTERS.

To PHILAUTUS.

IF Youth had any Care to provide for the Comfort of Age, or the living Man any Thoughts of Futurity, we ſhould, whilſt young, avoid thoſe Things which will diſturb our Eaſe when old, and ſpend with more Caution and Prudence the preſent Time, leſt the ſucceeding Minute ſhould prove our laſt: But ſuch is the Frailty of Man's State and Condition, or the Corruptneſs of Humane Nature, either through Stubbornneſs, or Blindneſs of Heart, that in Youth we ſurfeit with vain Delights, preventing old Age by the Diſeaſes which accompany our Irregularities. Is it not ſtrange to behold our firſt Days ſpent in Vanity, and our Age in ſupine Negligence, never thinking or conſidering of our

latter End, or the Puniſhments due to the Wicked and Prophane?

You will wonder, *Philautus*, to hear *Euphues* preach, who of late had more mind to indulge himſelf in the Gaieties of Life, than to worſhip his Maker.

Philautus, you are now a Courtier in *Italy*, I a Scholar in *Athens*; and it is as hard for you to follow good Counſel, as for me to perſwade you; but though I have not Authority to force you, yet I will adviſe you as a Friend, and I wiſh I could command you as a Father. But I have heard 'tis peculiar to an *Italian*, to be conceited of his own Judgment, and to a Courtier never to liſten to a Rebuke; which gives me occaſion to ſuſpect you are either ſo wiſe in your own Opinion as to ſcorn to be taught, or ſo obſtinate and headſtrong as to bar the Inſtructions of others.

You expect I ſhould crave Pardon for ſpeaking ſo boldly: No, *Philautus*, I mean not to flatter you, for then might you condemn me for Deceit; nor to quarrel with you, for then the Wiſe would accuſe me of Folly.

But you are in great Credit at Court, and what then? Shall your Credit with the Emperor cauſe me to forget my Duty as a Friend and a Chriſtian? Or your haughty Look quench my Love to Virtue and Goodneſs? Or your gallant Attire make make me fear to reprimand you for your Faults? Has the Courtier any Prerogative above the Clown to except him from being told of his Vices? Does his high Station not only give him Commiſſion to ſin, but a Pardon alſo for his Offences? Does his Preferment in Court warrant him to oppreſs the Poor? No, *Philautus*, the more you excel others in Honour, the more ought you to excel them in Virtue and Juſtice; and the higher

higher your Poſt, the more conſcientious ought you to be. A Gentleman ſhould be as far from Pride as Poverty, and as genteel in Behaviour as in Blood. But I will deſcend with you to Particulars: 'Tis reported here, that *Philautus* has given himſelf up to Laſciviouſneſs and looſe Deſires, preferring the Company of fair Ladies to the Study of Letters. It is now in every Man's Mouth, that you are ſo void of Courteſy, as to have almoſt forgotten Humanity, having neither Care of Religion, nor Regard to your Honour. O *Philautus!* do you live as though you ſhould never die? Laugh as though you ſhould never mourn? Are you ignorant from whence you came, or have you no Thoughts of a future Judgment? But whence proceeds this Security? What have you to glory in, that you are thus vainly puff'd up with Self-conceit, and deſpiſe your fellow Creatures? *Milo*, the great Wreſtler, began to weep when he ſaw his brawny Arms fallen and weak, ſaying, *Strength, Strength is but vain.* *Helen*, in her Glaſs viewing her decay'd Face, with a ſmiling Countenance, ſaid, *Beauty, where is thy Blaze?* *Cræſus*, with all his Wealth; *Ariſtotle*, with all his Learning; and all Men, though never ſo wiſe, ſtrong, or beautiful, muſt at laſt lie down in the Duſt.

But you never diſturb your Brain with ſuch melancholy Reflections; you chooſe rather to ſtifle the Sting of Conſcience by following vain Delights; you have more Concern for a new Faſhion, than a new Life.

Are not you, *Philautus*, one of thoſe who ſeek to win Favour by Flattery with your Superiours, to gain Wealth by grinding the Face of your Inferiours, and to undermine your Equals by Deceit?

Do

Do you not make the Court a Skreen to defend yourſelf, and a Colour to commit Injury?

I cannot but lament; I wiſh I could redreſs the great Abuſes that reign in the Eyes of the Emperor: I fear the Poet ſays too truly, *Exeat Aula qui vult eſſe Pius*; *Virtus & ſumma Poteſtas non coeunt*: He muſt depart the Court who would be juſt; Virtue and Preferment cannot agree. Is not Piety turn'd all to Policy, Faith to Foreſight, Juſtice to Rigour? Does not he beſt thrive that worſt deſerves, and he rule all the Country who has no Conſcience? Does not the Emperor's Court grow to that Blindneſs, that all who ſee not their Folly they account Fools, all who ſpeak againſt it preciſe? Laughing at the Simplicity of the one, and threatning the Boldneſs of the other.

Philautus, if you would duly conſider and weigh, how far a Courtier's Life is from a ſound Belief, you would either frame yourſelf to a new Employ, or amend your old Manners; nay, you would with *Crates*, leaving all your Poſſeſſions, take your Books, and retire to *Athens*. If you had great Care to live well as to live wantonly, you ſhould with *Socrates*, ſeek how to yield to Death, rather than with *Ariſtippus*, ſearch how to prolong your Life.

Do you not know, that where the Tree falls, there it lies; and every Man's Death-day is his Doomſday? That the whole Courſe of Life, is but a Preparation for Death, a Pilgrimage, a Warfare? Have you no Regard to what is written, that we ſhall all be cited before the Tribunal-Seat of God, to render a ſtrict Account of our Stewardſhip? If then the Rewards are according to how we have ſpent our Time, what can you hope for but eternal Torments, who live here

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in continual Pleaſures, to the Decay of your Body, and Deſtruction of your Soul?

But you will ſay, none ought to judge of your Conſcience but yourſelf, becauſe you know it better than any. O *Philautus!* if you ſearch your own Heart, and find not Sin there, your Caſe is deſperate; you are almoſt paſt Cure. The Patient, if Phyſicians are to be credited, and common Experience eſteem'd, is the neareſt Death, when he thinks himſelf paſt his Diſeaſe; and the leſs Grief he feels, the greater Pains he endures.

'Tis ſaid, that Thunder bruiſes the Tree, but hurts not the Bark; ſo Sin always infects the Soul, though ſometimes it afflicts not the Body.

Examine therefore your own Conſcience, bewail your Sins, reform your Manners, contemn the World, embrace Chriſt, leave the Court, follow your Study, prefer Righteouſneſs before Honour, and Honeſty before great Incomes; Religion, and an upright Life, before the vile Corruptions of the Fleſh: Remember the Bee, which, out of the drieſt and bittereſt Thyme, ſucks moiſt and ſweet Honey; if you can, ſuck the true Juice of Perfection out of a Court, a Place of more Pomp than Piety. But if you cannot reſiſt the Temptations of the beautiful Ladies, or the glittering Appearance of gallant Courtiers, or the dainty Fare of the Court; but find yourſelf enticed by their Examples to the like Vanities, fly to *Athens*, and ſo, ſhunning the Cauſes of Evil, you ſhall eſcape the Misfortunes that attend them; for the more thoſe Things pleaſe you, the more you diſpleaſe God; and the greater Delight you take in Sin, the greater Pain will you heap up for your own Soul.

Try

Try your Conſcience, and ſee whether you have done your Duty; if you have, thank God, and pray for Increaſe of Grace; if not, deſire God to give you a willing Mind to attain to true Faith, and Conſtancy to continue to the End.

Euphues.

To EUBULUS.

THough I was not ſo wiſe to follow your wholeſom Advice when firſt I knew you; yet I am not ſo ungrateful as to refuſe to thank you, now I have experienc'd the Truth of it; and if I were as able to perſwade you to Patience, as you were to recommend Virtue to me; or could I comfort you in your Age, as well as you counſell'd me in my Youth, you ſhould not thus grieve and torment yourſelf for your late Loſs.

You weep for the Death of your Daughter, and I laugh at the Folly of the Father; for what greater Vanity can there be, than to mourn the Deceaſed? Perhaps you will ſay, that ſhe was young and beautiful: I anſwer, ſhe was ſinful too: But ſhe was young, and might have liv'd: I anſwer, ſhe was mortal, and muſt have died; but her Youth made you merry, and your Age ſhould make you wiſe: But her Years were unfit for Death; and your hoary Hairs ſhould cauſe you to deſpiſe Life.

Are you ignorant, *Eubulus*, that Life is the Gift of God, Death the Debt of Nature; the one we receive as a Benefit, the other we muſt of Neceſſity undergo as the certain Conſequence of it.

it. Wiſe Men have found that by Learning, old Men ſhould know by Experience, that in Life there is no true Pleaſure, no ſolid Joy, nothing but continual Croſſes and Diſappointments, no Certainty even in what we poſſeſs; and therefore nothing here can be worth our Concern, ſince Enjoyment itſelf is no Security. Our greateſt Delights are fleeting and inconſiſtent, which at a Diſtance charm the Eye, and incite our Deſire; but when we approach them, they balk our Expectations with a flying Shadow for a promis'd Subſtance. Are not all the tranſitory Pleaſures of this World the Product of our own Imagination? Do they not entice us to a vain Purſuit with the Hopes of Satiety, whilſt, like *Semele*, we graſp a Cloud for *Jupiter*, and too often meet with the the ſame Fate, to be conſumed by the Flames of our own Deſires.

The Philoſophers accounted it the chiefeſt Felicity, never to be born; the ſecond, to die ſoon. And what has Death in it ſo terrible, that we ſhould be affrighted at its Appearance? Does it not releaſe us from the Miſeries of this fickle World, and uſher us into eternal Joys, if we have taken care to lead our Lives as becomes Chriſtians? 'Tis our Sins only that makes the Approach of Death ſo ſhocking and ſurprizing; let us remove them by ſincere Repentance and Amendment of Life; and all the terrifying Idea's of Futurity will vaniſh, and give way to the pleaſant Proſpects of unſpeakable Bliſs.

But why are you ſo ſurpriz'd at her Death? Is it ſo ſtrange to ſee that cut down, which by Nature was made to that End? Is not Man born to die? But you grant ſhe ſhould have died, yet grieve it was ſo ſoon. Does the Length of Years make Death the ſweeter? No certainly; for as

neither he who ſings moſt, prays longeſt; or he who rules the Stern oftneſt, but he that does it beſt, deſerves the Praiſe: So he, not who is oldeſt, but who has moſt Virtues; nor he, who has grayeſt Hairs, but is freeſt from Sin, lives longeſt. The chief Beauty of Life conſiſts not of many Days, but of virtuous Actions. Amongſt Plants, thoſe are moſt eſteem'd, that in the ſhorteſt Time bring forth moſt Fruit. What are we made for but to obey him who form'd us, and to reſign ourſelves up to his Will when he ſhall be pleas'd to call us?

But I will ask you one Queſtion; Whether you lament your Daughter's Death for your own ſake, or for her's? If for your own ſake, becauſe you hop'd to find her a Comfort to your Age, then is your Love to her for your own Profit; and you are an unkind Father, who, for your own Delight, would detain her in this miſerable World: If for her's, as miſtruſting her Salvation, then are you wavering, and void of Faith. You ſhould not weep, that ſhe has run ſo faſt; but that you have gone too ſlow. Conſider the Bud is blaſted as ſoon as the blown Roſe; Death ſpares neither golden Locks, nor hoary Hairs.

But I mean not to write a Treatiſe on the Practice of Death, or Contempt of Life, but only to ſhow the Neceſſity of dying; neither to write what Joys they receive, who leave this tireſome World; but to ſhew what Torments they endure, who remain here. And yet you, being in the Wane of Life, whom Nature has ſo long nouriſh'd, that now ſhe begins to nod, muſt certainly have experienc'd the continual Anxieties, the daily Diſappointments and Croſſes that imbitter the little Sweets we meet with here: How then can you be ſo covetous of Life? But you perhaps are of opinion, that to deſcend to the Grave with

a gray

a gray Head and many Years is Honourable, I rather think it a greater Glory to leave this world with an untainted Reputation and unſullied Life. Age, you ſay, is the Bleſſing of God, yet the Meſſenger of Death: If then you receive the one, ought you not to ſubmit to the other? Look therefore into your own Conſcience; conſider the Happineſs that attends the latter, and the Misfortunes that accompany the former; take your Daughter's Departure patiently, and expect your own ſhortly: So ſhall you perform the part of a good Chriſtian, and Die Honourable, both in Age and Name,

Euphues.

To PHILAUTUS, *concerning the Death of* Lucilla.

I Have received your Letter, and find to my Grief, that you are more concern'd for the loſs of a lewd Courteſan, then careful for the Health of a Modeſt Woman. *Lucilla*, you ſay, was not only looſe in her Life, but without Shame at her Death. I believe it; 'tis no wonder that ſhe, who, living, made a Trade of Sin, ſhould dye without Repentance; ſhe was ſtrucken ſuddenly having no Sickneſs; it may be ſo, for it is commonly ſeen that a wicked Life is rewarded with a ſudden Death, and a ſweet Beginning, with a ſowr End.

You add, that ſhe, being in great Credit with the States, dyed with Beggary in the Streets; 'tis an old Saying, *who lives in the Court ſhall dye in the Straw.* She hop'd there, by indulging her own looſe Inclinations, and enſlaving herſelf to

the lewd Deſires of others, to have gained Riches, and has deſervedly met with thoſe Perplexities and Misfortunes, that conſtantly attend ſuch a baſe, wicked and immodeſt Life. By her Example you may learn to deteſt ſuch vile private Sins, by which whoever deſigns to raiſe his Fortune, will undoubtedly meet with open Shame and Infamy; for they, who deſire to live great by perſuing Vice, ſhall ſink into Deſtruction by their own Vanity.

You ſay, That, for Beauty, ſhe was a ſecond *Helen* of *Greece*; and I dare ſwear that, for Luſt, ſhe was the only Monſter in *Italy*. In my Mind there is greater Shame in being accounted an Harlot, than Honour in being eſteem'd amiable; neither in my Opinion can any be lovely who are not virtuous. But where you are, there is more regard of Beauty than of Modeſty; and more are they lamented who die viciouſly, than thoſe loved who live virtuouſly. You give a Sigh, which all your Companions ſeem alſo to ſound by you, that *Lucilla*, being one of great Perfection in all parts of the Body, and ſo little Piety, ſhould be as it were ſnatch'd from the Embraces of ſo many Young Gentlemen.

I can aſſure you, *Philautus*, you cannot be more grieved for her than my ſelf, tho' for different Reaſons; you only are ſorry that ſhe is dead, I that ſhe died ſo lewdly.

If you are deſirous to keep me as a Friend, ſhake off your fond Dalliance with Women: Believe me, *Philautus*, I cannot forbear weeping whilſt I write, to think of the Life you lead; which is as much abhorred as the wicked Death of *Lucilla* is deteſted; and more are you ſcorn'd for Folly, than ſhe hated for her Luſt.

The

The diſmal End of *Lucilla* ſhould move you to begin a new Life; I have often warn'd you to leave your evil Courſes; and if you love me, as you proteſt in your Letter, ſhew it by forſakeing your Vices, and amending your Manners. If you cannot reſolve on this, trouble me no more with your Letters; for I'll neither read nor anſwer them.

You conclude in the end that *Livia* is Sick: I am ſorry to hear it, for ſhe is a Maid as well Modeſt as Comely; and it is hard to Judge whether ſhe is more worthy Commendation for her Beauty or her Virtue.

If you love me, embrace her; for ſhe is able to ſatisfy your Eye for Perfections of the Body, and to ſweeten your Life by Learning and prudent Behaviour. Comm end me to her; and as I praiſe her to you, ſo will I pray for her to Heaven, that ſhe may either eſcape the Danger by a happy deliverance from her Diſtemper, or that ſhe may patiently endure her Afflictions, and entirely ſubmit to the Hand of Providence.

You deſire me to ſend you the Sermons, that were lately preach'd at *Athens*: I have fulfilled your Requeſt; but I fear you will uſe them, as St. *George* does his Horſe, who is ever on his Back, yet never Rides; but if you are as willing to have them, as I to ſend them, or as ready to follow them, as deſirous to have them, you will not repent of your Labour, nor I of my Coſt. Farewel

Euphues

To Botonio, *to take his Exile patiently.*

WEre I as wiſe to give Counſel, as I am willing to do you good, or as able to ſet you at Liberty, as deſirous to have you Free, you ſhould neither want good Advice to Guide, nor ſufficient Help to Reſtore you.

You are greatly griev'd that you ſhould be Accuſed without Grounds, and Baniſh'd without Cauſe; and I think you happy, that you are ſo well rid of the Court, and ſo void of Crime.

You ſay that Baniſhment is bitter to the Free-Born: I account it very Honourable if you have not deſerv'd it. There are ſeveral Meats ſowr in the Taſte, and ſharp in the Stomach; but if you mingle them with ſweet Sauces, they afford both a pleaſant Reliſh, and wholeſome Nouriſhment. Divers Colours offend the Eye; yet, having Green amongſt them, whet the Sight. I ſpeak this to ſhew, that tho' your Exile ſeem grievous to you; yet, guiding yourſelf by the Rules of *Philoſophy*, it may be more patiently born. He who is cold, does not cover himſelf with Care, but with Cloaths; and you, who are Baniſh'd, ought not with Tears to lament your Misfortune, but with Wiſdom to heal the Sore.

Nature has given to Man a Country, no more than ſhe has an Houſe, Lands or Livings. *Socrates* would call himſelf neither an *Athenian*, nor a *Græcian*, but a Citizen of the World. *Plato* never accounted him Baniſh'd, who had the Sun, Fire, Air, Water and Earth he had before, where he felt the ſharp Winter's Blaſt, and ſcorching Summer's Heat; where the ſame Sun and

and ſame Moon ſhined; by which he noted that every Place was a Country to a Wiſe Man, and all Parts a Palace to a contented Mind.

But you are driven out of *Naples*; what of that? All the *Athenians* dwell not in *Colliton*, nor every *Corinthian* in *Grecia*, nor all the *Lacedemonians* in *Pitania*. Learn of the Bee, as well to gather Honey out of the Weed, as of the fine Flower, and to live in far Countries as well as your own: He is to be laughed at who thinks the Moon better at *Athens* than at *Corinth*, or the Honey ſweeter at *Hybla* than at *Mantua*. When *Diogenes* was upbraided for his being Baniſhed *Pontus* by the *Sinopenetes*, he anſwered, I Baniſh them of *Diogenes*. I may ask you, as *Stratonicus* did his Gueſt, what Crime is puniſh'd with Baniſhment; and he being anſwer'd, Treachery, replied, why do you not practiſe Deceit, that you may avoid the Vices which flow in the Court? And ſurely, if Conſcience be the cauſe of their Baniſhment from Court, I think you Wiſe in uſing Virtue, and Happy in being Exil'd the place of Vice. 'Tis better to live without blame in the Country, than with Honour in the Court; and greater Commendation will you gain by flying Vanity, than they Pleaſure, who follow their Trains.

Chooſe that Place for your Palace which is moſt quiet; Cuſtom will make it your Country, and an honeſt Life make it a pleaſant Living. *Philip*, falling in the Duſt, and ſeeing the Figure of his own Shape; *Good God*, ſaid he, *we deſire the whole Earth, and ſee how little ſerves?* *Zeno*, hearing that the only Bark, wherein all his Wealth was ſhipped, was loſt, cried out, *Thou haſt done well*, Fortune, *to thruſt me into my Gown again, to embrace* Philoſophy.

You

You have great Cauſe to rejoice, that God by Puniſhment has compelled you to Strictneſs of Life, who by Idleneſs might have grown lewd. Conſider that you are not confin'd to one Place, but forbidden one; and that excepted, you may dwell in any. How Happy may you account yourſelf now, who have no Poſt, wherein you ſhould fear the Noble, or oppreſs the Poor? You are no Arbitrator in doubtfull Caſes, by which you might pervert Judgment, and incur Diſpleaſure; you are out of the Broils of the Seditious, and have eſcap'd the Threats of the Ambitious.

But as he, who has a fair Orchard, ſeeing one Tree blaſted, reckons the loſs of that, and paſſes over in ſilence the Fruitfulneſs of the reſt; ſo he, who is Baniſh'd, always laments the loſs of his Houſe, and the Shame attends it; not rejoiceing in the Liberty, Quietneſs and Pleaſure, that he enjoys by that ſweet Puniſhment. The Kings of *Perſia* were accounted Happy, in that they paſſed their Winter in *Babylon*, their Summer in *Mede*, and in *Suſis* their Spring: And certainly your Exile may make you as Happy in this, as any King of *Perſia*; he, who is Baniſh'd, may at his leiſure lead his Winter in *Athens*, his Summer in *Naples*, his Spring in *Argos*. If he have any Buſineſs in Hand, he may Study without interruption, Sleep without care, and Wake at his own pleaſure. *Ariſtotle* muſt Dine when *Philip* pleaſes, *Diogenes* when *Diogenes* ſees fit; the Courtier Sups when the King is ſatisfied, but *Botonio* may now Eat when *Botonio* is Hungry.

But you ſay Baniſhment is a great diſhonour. No truly, no more than Poverty to the Contented, or gray Hairs to the Aged. It is the Cauſe makes the Shame, if you were baniſh'd for En-

vy,

vy, greater is your Honour in ſuſtaining wrong, than thoſe who occaſion'd the Injury; and leſs is their Shame who are oppreſſed by Might, than theirs who oppreſs them; but you fear you ſhall not thrive in a ſtrange Land; certainly you are more afraid than hurt.

The Pine Tree grows as ſoon in *Pharoah*, as in *Ida*; the *Nightingale* ſings as ſweetly in the Deſerts, as in the Woods of *Crete*. The Wiſe Man lives as well in a far Country, as at his own Home: 'Tis not the Nature of the Place, but the Diſpoſition of the Perſon, that makes Life pleaſant. Seeing therefore, *Botonio*, that all the Sea is fit for any Fiſh, that it is a bad Ground where no Flower will grow, that to a Wiſe Man all Lands are as fruitful as his own Inheritance; I deſire you to temper the Sharpneſs of your Baniſhment with the Juſtneſs of your Cauſe, and compare the Clearneſs of your Conſcience with the ſpite of your Enemies Quarrel: So ſhall you revenge their Malice by Patience, and ſweeten your Baniſhment by Content. Farewel.

Euphues.

To Alcius.

IF I ſhould talk with you by word of Mouth, concerning thoſe things I have to write, ſurely you would bluſh for Shame, and I weep for Sorrow; yet my Tongue, I fear, would not have Patience to utter that, which I can ſcarce write with Modeſty. Ah *Alcius!* I know not which I ought to lament moſt, the little Progreſs you have made in your Studies, or your wanton and vicious Life. In the one, you are inferiour to all Men; in the other, you exceed even the moſt Wicked

and Lewd; ſo that he, who ſees your dull Wit, and looſe Behaviour, may very well ſay, there is neither ſhew of Learning in your Actions, nor ſpark of Religion in your Life: You boaſt of your Family: Truly you were made a Gentleman before you knew what Honour meant; and have no more to glory of your Stock, than he, who being left rich by his Father, is impoveriſhed by his own idle Extravagancies. Nobility begun in your Anceſtors, and ended in you; and the Generoſity their Virtue entitled them to, you have blotted by baſe and unworthy Actions. If you would inherit the Gentility by Pedigree, practiſe the good Qualities of your Parents, that as you challenge Nobility by Blood, you may deſerve it by your Honourable Life; otherwiſe you will hang like a Blaſt among fair Flowers, or a Stain in white Lawn.

The Roſe if eaten of the Canker is not gathered, becauſe it grows on the ſame Stalk with the unblemiſh'd; nor was *Helen* made a Star, becauſe ſhe came out of the ſame Egg with *Caſtor*; nor will you be accounted a Gentleman becauſe your Anceſtors were Noble, unleſs you tread the ſame Paths of Virtue that made them Glorious: 'Tis not the Deſcent of Birth, but generous Behaviour and ſweet Diſpoſition, makes the Gentleman; neither is it a plentifull Eſtate, or large Fortune, but good Manners and Virtue, that gain the Eſteem of the Brave and Worthy. There is Copper Coin of the ſame Stamp with Silver, yet is it not currant; there comes Poiſon of the Fiſh as well as Oil, and yet it is not wholeſome; and of the ſame Parents may come two Children, yet not both Gentlemen. For as Wine, that runs on the Lees, is not to be accounted neat, becauſe drawn of the ſame Piece; or

as

as the Water, which ſprings from the Fountain Head, and flows into the dirty Channel, is not to be accounted clear, becauſe it proceeded from the ſame Stream; ſo is he not to be termed a Gentleman, who deſcends of Noble Parents, (if he degenerates from their Honourable Deeds) becauſe he iſſued from the Loins of worthy Perſons; for he diſcredits his own Birth, and ſullies the Character of his Anceſtors.

There is no Gentleman in *Athens*, but is ſorry to ſee your Behaviour ſo diſagreeable to your Birth; for ſay they, *You ſhould as well endeavour to reap Honour by your own Actions, as deſire to receive it from your Predeceſſors*; that you may keep up their Character, by your own Actions; that as you would be reſpected for their Worth, you may be praiſed for your own Virtue. A right Gentleman is better known by his modeſt and becoming Carriage, than by the Blazoning of his Arms.

But let me adviſe you not to boaſt thus of your Birth; rather ſhew it with *Ulyſſes* in brave Exploits, than with *Ajax* brag of it in Words; it will nothing degrade your Original by keeping Silence, but recommend your Modeſty.

You live in *Athens*, as a Waſp among Bees, rather to ſting than to bear Honey; and deal with your Acquaintance as the Dog in the Manger, who neither ſuffered the Horſe to eat Hay, nor fed on it himſelf; for you, being idle, will not as near as you can permit any to follow their Studies.

You cry, what ſignifies Learning to me, why ſhould I fatigue my ſelf with hard Study? I am Heir to a plentifull Eſtate; What is that, if you are diſinherited of Learning? for Knowledge is more valuable than Riches. To get Wealth is the benefit of Fortune, to make good uſe of

it requires Wiſdom: Therefore endeavour to encreaſe your Wit, againſt you inherit your Father's Living.

But why are you ſo deſirous to poſſeſs the Revenue of your Parents, and ſo careleſs to enjoy their Virtues? would you have the Title of Honour, without endeavouring to gain it by your own Actions?

Ah, *Alcius!* Remember you are not born to live after your own Will: I have often heard your Father ſay with deep Sighs, the Tears trickling down his Cheeks, that your Mother never more earneſtly deſired to be delivered of you, than he ſince to ſee you buried: Your Mother too has wiſh'd, that her Womb had been your Grave, or the Ground hers; nay, all your Friends pray that God would either ſend you more Grace, or haſten your Death: You will ask me in what you offend? And I ask you in what you do not? You ſwear you are not covetous, I anſwer you are prodigal; and as great a Crime is it to be very extravagant, as to be miſerly. But can you excuſe yourſelf of Vice, becauſe you are not covetous? No certainly, no more than the Murtherer can free himſelf from Guilt, becauſe he is no Coiner. But why ſhould I reaſon with you, who have no regard to your Reputation? Yet tho' I leave here to adviſe you, finding it Labour loſt, I will never ceaſe to pray for your Amendment. In the mean time I deſire you, nay in God's Name I command you, that if neither your Duty to your Parents, whom you ſhould comfort; nor the Counſel of your Friends, whom you ought to hearken to; neither the Rigour of the Law, which you ought to fear; nor the Authority of the Magiſtrate, which you ought to reſpect, can win you to good Manners,

and

and a modeſt Life; yet that the Law of Chriſt, who Redeemed you and the Puniſhments continually threatned by the Almighty to impenitent Sinners, cauſe you to renew your Life: Otherwiſe you will Live and Die in Shame, and abide with Satan; from whom, he who made you keep you. Farewel.

Euphues.

Livia, *from the Emperor's Court, to* Euphues *in* Athens.

IF Sickneſs had not forc'd me to Silence, and the Weakneſs of my Body hindred my willing Mind, you ſhould have had a more ſpeedy Anſwer, and I no occaſion for an Excuſe. I know it is fit an Anſwer ſhould have been ſent, tho' no Neceſſity for a very quick Return; in Things that are of a great Importance, we look before we leap.

You ſay, you underſtand how Men live in Court, and are deſirous to know how the Women behave themſelves: To diſſemble with you, would be deceiving my ſelf; and to cloak their Vanities, would be to partake of their Vices.

The *Empreſs* keeps her Royal State, and her Maids will not loſe one Inch of their Honour; She endeavours to ſet them good Laws, and they ſtrive to break them; She ſays that decent Attire is good, tho' not coſtly; and they anſwer, unleſs 'tis dear, it is not handſome. She, here, who goes not in her Silks, is accounted a Slut; and She has no Man's Favour, who dreſſes not in the Mode. They who are moſt wanton are term'd Wits, and thoſe are lookt upon as the beſt Lovers, who ſpend their Time in idle Vanities.

There

There is great Quarrelling for Beauty, but no Contention for Modeſty: In a Word, Man and Woman live ſo agreeably here, that they never jarr about their Religion, becauſe they never mean to argue about it. I have often wiſh'd rather to ſpin in the Country, than to dance at the Court; and truly a Diſtaff better becomes a Maid than a Lute; and fitter is it with a Needle to practiſe how to live, then with a Pen learn how to love.

The *Empreſs* ſets an Example of Virtue, but the Ladies are not at leiſure to follow it. I have nothing farther to write. Here is no good News; as for bad I have ſaid enough already: Yet this I add, that there are ſome who for Virtue deſerve Praiſe, but they are only admir'd for Beauty; for the Courtiers eſteem Honeſty a ſort of Country Baſhfulneſs, and a fair Face a Courtly Accompliſhment. I deſign ſhortly to ſue to the *Empreſs* to be diſmiſſed the Court, which if I obtain, I ſhall think it a good Reward for my Service, to be ſo well rid from ſuch an unthoughtful Life; for believe me, there is ſcarce one in Court that believe there is a God, or means any good. I thank you for the Books you ſent me, and when I have an Opportunity will write to you. Farewel.

Livia.

Euphues *to his Friend* Livia.

DEar *Livia*: I am as glad to hear of your Welfare, as ſorry to underſtand your News. You have ſatisfied my Requeſt, and anſwer'd my Expectation; for I long'd to know the Manners of Women, and expect to find them wanton.

I like

I like you well for not concealing their Vanities, but I love you the better for not following them: To reprove Sin, is the Sign of a good Diſpoſition; to renounce it, the part of a good Chriſtian. All good Men will account you wiſe for ſpeaking Truth, and happy for having kept yourſelf free from the Snares; for 'tis ſaid, *To abſtain from Pleaſure, is the chiefeſt Piety*; and I think in Court, to refrain from Vice, is no little Virtue.

It is ſtrange, that he who handles Pitch ſhould not be defiled, and they who continue in Court ſhould not be infected: And yet 'tis no Wonder; for by Experience we know, that the Loadſtone cannot draw Iron, if the Diamond be near it; nor Vice allure the Courtier, if he has been well grounded in Virtue.

You praiſe the *Empreſs* for inſtituting good Laws, and grieve to ſee them violated by the Ladies. I am ſorry to hear it is ſo, and ſigh to think it cannot be otherwiſe. Where there is no Heed to a Command, there is ſmall Hopes of Amendment. They, who cannot be forc'd to Obedience by Authority, will never be won by Favour; for thoſe who are void of Fear, are commonly without Grace; and as careleſs are they of their Honour, as regardleſs of the Law; and as ready to deſpiſe the good Counſel of their Equals, as to contemn the good Laws of their Prince. But the Breaking of Laws does not accuſe the Empreſs of Vice: The *Empreſs* is not to be accus'd of erring, no more than the Carpenter that builds the Houſe, becauſe Thieves have broke into it; or the Mint-Maſter condemn'd, becauſe the *Traytor* has clipt the Coin.

You ſay, that in Court all are accounted Sluts who ſwim not in Silks, and that the idleſt Livers are accounted the beſt Lovers. I cannot tell whether

ther I ſhould laugh at their Folly, or lament their Madneſs; nor know I whether the Pride of Apparel, or the Vanity of Ill-nature and Peeviſhneſs, occaſion'd by Affection, is the greater Sin; the one cauſes them to forget themſelves, the other to loſe their Senſes; and both deceive the Soul. They, who think none can be cleanly without Pride, will ſoon judge none honeſt who purſue not immoderate Pleaſure; which is as hard to be allow'd, as to deny there can be a *Medium* void of Exceſs.

You wiſh to handle a Diſtaff in the Country, rather than to enjoy the Delights of the Court: I cannot blame you; for *Greece* is as much to be commended for Learning, as the Court for Bravery; and here will your Modeſty gain you as good Repute, as Beauty there: It is better to ſpin with *Penelope* all Night, than to ſing with *Helen* all Day. Houſevifry in the Country is as much prais'd, as Honeſty in the Court. We think it as much Mirth to ſing Pſalms, as you to chant Sonnets; and we account them as wiſe who keep their Lands with Credit, as thoſe who get others by Craft. Therefore if you will take my Advice, that is, follow your own Determination, you ſhall come out of the warm Sun into God's Bleſſing. You add, that there are in Court ſome of great Virtue, Wiſdom and Sobriety: I believe you; for in Court I ſuppoſe it to be like all Rivers, ſome Fiſh, ſome Frogs; and as in all Gardens, ſome Flowers, ſome Weeds; and as on all Trees, ſome Bloſſoms, ſome Blaſts. *Nylus* breeds the precious Stone and venom'd Serpent; the Court may as well nouriſh virtuous Ladies, as immodeſt ones. Yet this I wonder at, that they ſhould rather be commended for their Beauty than for their Virtue, which is an infallible Token, that the Delights of the Fleſh are preferred

red to Holineſs of Life. When you come into the Country, I would have you firſt learn to forget all thoſe Things you have ſeen at Court.

I wiſh *Philautus* were of your mind, to forſake his Youthfull Vanities; but I am glad you perceive he is beginning to amend; he runs far who never returns, and he ſins grievouſly who never repents. I wiſh he may end as *Lucilla* began, without Vice. I love the Man well, but I cannot away with his Manners; yet I have the more Hopes he will be wiſe in his Age, becauſe I found him witty in Youth: He has promis'd to come to *Athens* to ſee me; which if he does, I will ſo order Matters, that either he ſhall abjure the Court, or abſent for a Year. If I bring the former to paſs, I ſhall cauſe him to forſake his old Way of living; if the latter, wean him from his ill Manners, and arm him againſt the future Approaches of Vice: Then will I let him underſtand, that if he would gain Wealth, and great Reſpect, he muſt make Conſcience the Rule of his Intereſt, and climb to Honour by Wiſdom and juſt Methods; otherwiſe his Gain will be Theft, and Honour Ambition. *Philautus* is not ſo well acquainted with the Tricks of the Court, as to know how by Subtilty to undermine any; he is too young to deceive them by Policy; and yet has he ſhown himſelf as far from honeſt Behaviour, as he is from Age; and as treacherous, as his little Courage will ſupport him in. If it were for your Preferment, and if it would amend his Life, I wiſh you were both married; but if he continue his evil Courſes, I ſhould rather wiſh you both buried. Remember me to him, and haſten his Journey hither; but forget not your own from Court. I have occaſion to go to *Naples*, in order to make a Voyage to *England*; where, as

I have heard, is a Woman, that in all Qualities excels all Men. If it be ſo, I ſhall think my Labour as well beſtow'd as *Sheba*'s, when ſhe travell'd to ſee *Solomon*. At my going to *Naples*, I will viſit you, and at my Return give you my Judgment: If *Philautus* comes this Winter, I will endeavour to perſwade him to go with me; *a pleaſant Companion is a Bait on a Journey*. We ſhall there, as I am inform'd, ſee a Court both braver in Shew, and better in Life; Courtiers both gallant in Attire, and more conſcientious in their Actions; as fair Ladies, and of more courteous Behaviour. But I'll not vaunt before the Victory, nor ſay more 'till I ſee it. Farewel; to whom above all I wiſh well.

Euphues.

FINIS.

P.S. I have finiſh'd the Firſt Part of *Euphues*, whom now I left ready to embark for *England*; if the Wind ſends him a ſhort Cut, you ſhall in the Second Part hear what News he brings: I hope he will be return'd in one Summer. In the mean time I will ſtay for him in the Country; and as ſoon as he arrives, you ſhall hear of his Coming.

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